



PRESENTED
BY THE
BOOK
COMMITTEE
OF THE
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS OF
PHILADELPHIA
AND VICINITY

302 ARCH ST





ELIZABETH FRY.

Frontispiece.

QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES

A SERIES OF SKETCHES,

CHIEFLY BIOGRAPHICAL, CONCERNING MEMBERS OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY TO MORE RECENT TIMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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NEW JERSEY AND DELAWARE.

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The chapters for this volume were prepared as stated below. Free use was made by the compilers of the standard biographies, and it has been difficult to indicate, by quotation marks, just which is original and which selected material.

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REBECCA JONES

(1739–1818)

"Her labors of love in the gospel were truly acceptable, her ministry being sound and edifying, and her life and conversation consistent therewith. And we esteem it a gracious mark of Divine regard still extended to us, by the servants and messengers being thus sent to labor amongst us."

From the returning minute of Dublin
Half Year's Meeting, 1786. Signed
by 144 Friends.

REBECCA JONES.

Drinker's Alley, now Quarry Street, extending from Front to Second, north of Arch, is to-day, a part of Philadelphia's slums, but on the 8th of the Seventh Month 1739, it was a comfortable clean little place; and No. 8 with its pleasant garden, all astir with excitement over the birth of Rebecca Jones, daughter of William and Mary Jones, whose home it was. There was but one other child, a son of nine; the father was a sailor, seldom at home, so that Mary Jones was compelled to keep a school to maintain herself and children. She belonged to the Church of England, and children and scholars were educated strictly within its tenets. We know little of the childhood of Rebecca Jones, but it is easy to imagine her busy about her household tasks and her school work, with little time for the play her age and nature craved.

Many of the neighborhood children belonged to the Society of Friends, so that by the time she was twelve years old she was begging to attend meeting with them. This request was usually granted, for Mary Jones believed the child too young to decide upon religious matters, as indeed, she was. Still, we can but remember that at this very age Christ him-

self left father and mother and remained at the Temple upon his Father's business. Mary Jones would frequently ask her daughter what she went to meeting for, and the answer was, "I don't know, but I believe the Quakers are a good people, and I like their way, for there is not so much rising up and sitting down among them as at church."

As time went on she became quite regular in attendance at meeting, both on First day and in the middle of the week; sometimes straying into the meetings for ministers and elders, and once at a sitting of the Yearly Meeting was requested to withdraw, but generally she was allowed to remain, though she "liked not their way of preaching and was best pleased with silent meetings." Mary Jones now began to oppose the Quaker influence, and did all in her power to cause her daughter to break with Friends. One day as Rebecca came down dressed for meeting, her mother laid hold of her cloak to restrain her. Rebecca simply unfastened the garment and went on, leaving her mother in silent astonishment, but she felt condemnation and could not enjoy the meeting. But it was the last time she was restrained by force. The Quaker principles also stood in the way of various branches of the school-work, such as music and dancing, which she was unwilling to teach. At this juncture, Mary Jones consulted her son who lived at Mt. Holly, complaining of her trouble and mortification on Rebecca's account, and regretting the money which had been expended upon her education. Daniel Jones inquired

whether Rebecca was obedient in other things save what pertained to her religion. When her mother said she had never before been so dutiful and kind, that she was only disobedient in relation to things with which she professed to be uneasy on religious grounds, he replied: "Then, mother, let her alone; if it is of herself, it will come to naught; but if it is of the Lord, all you can do will not prevent it."

About this time, as Catherine Peyton, an English Friend who was visiting this country, went into meeting one day, a young girl of sixteen slipped a note into her hand. This note contained no signature, but was evidently from some one in distress, who longed for spiritual help and motherly counsel, and who took this means of securing guidance. After meeting, Catherine Peyton read the note and went with it to Anthony Benezet, inquiring whom he supposed the young girl to be. "I don't know," he answered, "unless it be romping Beck Jones." In answer Catherine Peyton wrote a kind and encouraging letter which she proposed to entrust to Anthony Benezet to deliver. But having written her answer, she first read Rebecca's letter to Daniel Trotter, a near neighbor to Mary Jones, and also her travelling companion to the West Indies. "I do not know," said Daniel, "who it can be, without it's that wild Beck Jones who has got to coming to meeting and sits by black Rose." This Rose was a goodly colored woman, who sat on a bench near the door, and Rebecca in her humility occupied the vacant seat beside her. He was so assured of the correctness of

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his surmise, that he undertook to deliver Catherine's letter. One afternoon, at the close of school, Rebecca was sitting with her mother at the door, and seeing Daniel Trotter approach, she was much agitated lest he, being a Friend, should be unkindly treated on her account. He, however, frankly addressed Mary Jones, and conversed pleasantly about their voyage, taking no notice of Rebecca, till, as he was going, he shook hands with her, leaving the letter in her hand. She kept it two days before she had any opportunity to read it in private, and then ripped a seam in her skirt, and concealed the letter in the quilting (as her pockets, bureau drawers, etc., were frequently searched).

The English Friends who were staying at the home of Catherine Kallender, in Front Street nearly opposite the end of the alley in which Rebecca lived, expressed a desire to have her company, and Catherine Kallender's daughter Hannah, who had been Mary Jones' pupil (and intimate with Rebecca until she withdrew from all companionship) was sent to invite her. Hannah walked backward and forward across the end of the alley, occasionally beckoning to Rebecca, who sat by the window. Rebecca Jones at length asked her mother's permission to join her young friend, which was rather ungraciously given. Hannah then told her that the English Friends wished her to take tea with them. She was now in a strait, whether to avail herself of the permission already given or to risk a refusal from her mother. But being best satisfied to act in deference to paren-

tal authority, she asked leave to take tea at their neighbor's. Rebecca was emaciated from the trials and conflicts through which it had been her lot to pass, being, to quote her own touching description, "stricken of God and afflicted," and her mother, who possibly already began to relent, gave permission. She went; but, considering herself unworthy and insignificant, she felt as though it were intrusive to place herself in the company of such worthies. She was, however, well repaid by the comfort and consolation which she derived from these dear friends with whom she had not before spoken.

It would seem that Rebecca had been something of a hoiden, and that Drinker's alley was familiar with her escapades. But if she had to overcome high spirits, she had, as compensation, courage and frankness and, we are led to believe, some claim to a comely countenance. It was no easier then than now for an attractive girl to give up her natural desires, but when Hannah Zane, who married John Pemberton, made Rebecca Jones her bridesmaid, and asked to present her with a costly silk gown, it was courteously refused, and during her whole life she never wore a silk dress.

Friends from the first seem to have been very tender and sympathetic with her, but she says, "I carried my burden from one month to another and from meeting to meeting until the 7th of Ninth Month, 1758, in an evening meeting, finding no excuse would longer do, and that faithfulness was required, I stood up in great fear and trembling, and

expressed a few sentences very brokenly." This took place upon the evening of her nineteenth birthday, with the flickering lights of the old Bank Meeting House falling upon her slender, shrinking figure, clad in what was doubtless considered a suitable garb, a figured print of rather conspicuous design. About this time she applied to be received into membership with Friends, and the request was willingly granted.

Her mother's animosity now seemed taken away; not only was she affectionate to her daughter, but to all Friends who came to the house. In Fifth Month, 1760, Anthony Morris informed the meeting of ministers and elders that the Monthly Meeting approved the ministry of Rebecca Jones. He and Catherine Kallender were appointed to inform her of this decision. When they did so, Mary Jones, much affected, said, "Beck, your friends have placed you upon a pedestal; take care you don't fall."

Mary Jones then failed rapidly in health, so that Rebecca taught by day and nursed by night, until she was forced to give up her school about one month before her mother's death. Though her brother lived for another ten years, she seems to have been entirely dependent upon her own exertions. She says, "Now I was in a strait, for I had often thought that if it should please Providence to remove my mother, I would think of some other way than keeping a school for a livelihood. But as our Yearly Meeting was coming on, I concluded to leave it till that was over, and in waiting to know what was best. It seemed easy to continue in the same way, as being what I



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.
(Sixth and Noble Streets, Philadelphia.)

was most used to, and a suitable Friend offering, made it the easier. This was Hannah Cathrall, a religious, prudent young woman, who joined me in the business. We soon had a large school, and were blessed with a sufficiency to live comfortably."

There, in this old home, with an affectionate friend and young faces about her, Rebecca Jones lived for twenty-three years. It must have been a pleasant neighborhood, with the Pembertons, Walns and other Friends near by. At the corner of Second and Arch stood the George Inn, the great starting place for the New York stages. On Front Street above Arch was the Bank Meeting, with its green yard, white steps and columned door. Originally it had been level with the street; but when Front Street was cut down it was left on a high table land, and so was called the *Bank Meeting House*. In Water Street between Market and Arch Stephen Girard lived and died, and below bits of old gardens stretched to the river's front. At the corner of Front and Drinker's Alley was the spacious home of Henry Drinker. It was a double house, forty feet front, with a deep garden running up Drinker's Alley. The Drinkers were hospitality itself. "A good deal of transient company, sixteen at dinner one day, ye same number at breakfast another day," is one of the entries of Elizabeth Drinker's famous Journal, and very frequently we read, "Becky Jones to tea." Indeed, she seems to have been a welcome guest everywhere. One of her intimate friends was John Woolman, at whose house in Mt. Holly she sometimes spent her summer

vacations. She visited the school, wrote in the children's copy books, and once, when it was Quarterly Meeting Day, and Drinker's Alley drifted deep with snow, Rebecca Jones was amazed when she opened her door in the morning to find her pavement cleared and a path made down the alley to Front Street. Whilst she was preparing the morning repast, John Woolman entered, saying "that he thought he had earned his breakfast." Having spent the previous night at Reuben Haines', in High Street near Fourth, he arose early, and remembering the lone sisters in their need, and ever ready for an appropriate labor of love, however humble, he took with him from his lodgings a snow shovel, proceeded (wading through the deep snow from Second Street downwards), and cleared a path from Rebecca Jones' to the Bank Meeting, in Front Street near Mulberry (Arch). After breakfast he made a path to Second Street for the benefit of the scholars.

During these years, Rebecca Jones made various religious visits within her own and other Yearly Meetings, and in 1784 was given a minute for service in Great Britain. In company with other Friends bound on similar missions, she engaged passage on the ship *Commerce*, Captain Truxton. A number of Friends accompanied the party to Wilmington, where they had tea and an evening meeting. The next day there was another meeting at the Court House, at New Castle, from which port the vessel sailed. When they were well at sea, Captain Truxton opened a locker and threw in a pack of cards, saying, "Lie

there! You'll see daylight no more in compliment to these Friends." And at table he took up his glass of beer, saying: "Here's hoping *we Friends* may reach London timely for the Yearly Meeting!" They had little hope of this, but they were favored with a good passage, and reached Graveshead just thirty days from the start, and one day before Select Yearly Meeting.

Captain Truxton, who was a rather rough but very kindly disposed man, had taken a great fancy to Rebecca Jones and gave her, on parting, a copy of his sea journal in his own writing, with a letter containing the following passage: "It is with heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction to myself, that I can with truth say, that I never had so instructive and pleasing a female companion as yourself. And, in short, I cannot say less for all the rest of the Friends." At a coffee house in London he assured the other captains of his acquaintance that he "had brought over a Quaker lady who possessed more sense than both houses of Parliament."

At the time of this visit, when English Friends were considering the establishment of a business meeting for women, Rebecca Jones spoke in favor of the action, and was one of the women sent into Men's Meeting to make the first appeal. One Friend expressed the opinion that it would be preposterous to have a body with two heads, to which Rebecca Jones responded that there was but one head to the body which is the church, and that in Jesus Christ male and female are one. Her interest was steadily main-

tained until the Meeting was formally opened the next year.

She made many warm friends, becoming particularly attached to Christiana Hustler, her travelling companion, of whom she writes: "Christiana Hustler is in her person very much like my H. Cathrall; about fifty years of age, has a lively gift in the Ministry; an agreeable, nice, very nice person, and indeed, in general, the English women make a very neat appearance, and carry their age remarkably well." Her letters to Hannah Cathrall and others give vivid pen pictures of her daily experiences, and excellent descriptions of contemporary English Friends. "Esther Tuke," she wrote, "is a kind of Princess. Samuel Neale looks much as he used to, only a little older. In a large company he said to me: 'Thou and I are sisters.' I replied, 'Why not brethren?' upon which he discovered his blunder, and many smiles ensued."

This visit was destined to extend over four years, and comprised travel in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, as well as England. Much of this travel was by post-chair in a mountainous country over rough roads. In a letter from Wales we get some idea of the conditions under which she labored. "The roads are in general sound and hard, but we were comparatively like a ship on the ocean, continually ascending or descending, and the steeps very great, with a deep precipice at the side for miles together; so that yesterday morning a very high wind taking us up on the tops of the mountains, the probability of

being overturned was very alarming. We had an honest Welshman with us, who carefully led us in the steepest; and one hill, a mile in length, I walked down, which was great doings for me, a poor cripple, so that I have daily need still to say: 'What shall I render unto thee, O Lord, for all thy benefits?' We got here last evening much fatigued, and though a small house, a very little bed, with plenty of company to keep off the lethargy, sensible of the kindness of our friend's disposition, we were thankful for past preservation and present favor, and are to stay here till Second-day morning."

Her careful notes show that she had travelled over 20,000 miles and had attended 1578 meetings. Her faithful friend Christiana Hustler accompanied her to the ship, and when about to be let down in a chair from the deck, threw about Rebecca Jones' shoulders her own cloak as a parting gift. This voyage in the *Pigou*, a matter of thirty-six days from land to land, was ended in time for Rebecca Jones to attend the closing session of her own Yearly Meeting. "We landed at the old ferry (this was about one o'clock), whence, taking leave of my company, I went to Johns Hopkins', where I dined, and dismissed a letter to H. Pemberton to let her and my H. C. know that I was landed. S. Emlen came in his chaise, and sent me in it to Richard Humphreys', where my H. C. met me. We were deeply affected on seeing each other, and together blessed the Lord for His abundant goodness and mercy. I was shocked in looking at her, and thought her every way more altered than

any other person. At three o'clock went to the Women's Meeting, where a general solemnity soon overspread us, and I was engaged publicly to return thanks to my great and gracious Helper, Preserver and Everlasting Friend, the Lord Almighty, who is worthy to be served, feared and obeyed for ever and ever. Before the meeting broke up I went up to John Pemberton's to avoid being stopped by the crowd of Friends who are glad to see me again."

For some weeks now her home was with the Pembertons, her lifelong friends, until she and Hannah Cathrall were again established in a home of their own. But Hannah Cathrall was in failing health, and Rebecca Jones unable to keep on with her teaching; so, reluctantly, they separated. Rebecca Jones went to board with James Goram, in Watkins' Alley, until 1792, three years later, when she rented a house in Brooks' Court, next door to a friend who had been her neighbor in Drinker's Alley.

It was in this house that she lay so ill with the yellow fever, when Thomas Scattergood visited her daily. Under date of Eleventh Month 25, 1793, he says, "I called to see dear Rebecca Jones, who lay with her eyes almost closed; and though I spoke to her and took her by the hand, she answered not, which was affecting. After meeting I went again, and going near to the foot of the bed, she said, 'Dear Thomas, I saw thee (alluding to the morning visit), but I could not speak. I am in waiting; there is nothing to do.' Not only was her life despaired of, but her death was officially announced." All hope



REBECCA JONES RELICS.

NOTE TO REBECCA JONES BELUSH

The photograph, reproduced on the opposite page includes a number of items once the property of Rebecca Jones, now in the possession of Rachel E. Atkinson, Yardville, N J

The large easy chair was made for Rebecca Jones; the high backed mahogany chair was given to her by the Pembertons, and the armchair formerly belonged to William Savery.

The writing desk was made in London, to fit a niche in her stateroom on her return passage, after her long religious visit to England, and was presented to her by some English Friends

Concealing a part of the desk is the silk travelling map of England, much creased and worn

Suspended from the top of the desk and close by the large watch is a silk needlebook, with "E. T. to R. J" (Esther Tucker to Rebecca Jones) knit on one side, with Ackworth School on the reverse side.

The little bell on top of the desk was used by Rebecca Jones for many years in her school room.

had been relinquished the previous evening and the nurse about to remove the pillow and lower her head that the close might be more speedy and more easy, when Dr. Cathrall, her attending physician, exclaimed, "No, no; *I can't let her die!*" He assumed the post and duties of a nurse, and remained with her all night, dropping into her mouth alternately water and diluted wine; and when in the morning Dr. Physick, who, besides being in consultation with Dr. Cathrall, was greatly attached to R. J. as his mother's friend, called in, he was amazed to find her not only living but a little revived. She names one hundred and eighteen of her friends and acquaintances who died of the fever, and says, "For many days I had no other prospect but that I also, by the same disease, should be removed; but the Lord had mercy on me and healed me." Her little maid, Mary Brooks, to whom she was greatly attached, having died, she was "providentially provided with another daughter, of a lovely and amiable disposition." This was Bernice Chattin, who afterward married James Allinson, but, as a widow, returned to Brooks' Court, renting the house next door to Rebecca Jones and again became her companion.

Rebecca Jones had her parlor fitted up as a little shop, where, says William Evans, "she sold books and articles of dress worn by females of plain habit." The goods were kept in drawers and closets out of sight, and most of them were imported, willing Friends in England and Ireland sending out costly shawls, handkerchiefs, gloves and fine linens. Joseph

Williams, Woolcomber, Cole Alley, Dublin, was the principal consignor. In one letter she asks for clogs, galoshes and snuff boxes, and hopes he "will not forget the snuff which I wrote for on dear M. R.—'s account, as she will be wanting it." The next letter she thanks him for the boxes, which were, nevertheless, "all the wrong shape." She sends for more pincushions, 3 doz. green and white, 3 doz. Pompadour and white, 3 doz. children's with the alphabet on one side, 12 doz. in all! There are linens and crapes which Joseph Williams, being a mere man, sometimes gets too wide or too narrow, though she handsomely exonerates him from all blame, "As thou hast done thy best, I don't wish to blame thee," she writes, "but the crapes are charged high and the coarse narrow piece is very unsalable. I have done with crapes!" The goods are always to be sent to Henry Drinker, "that I may not have to appear at the Custom House."

Near the end of Brooks' Court at 130 N. Front Street (near Race), dwelt her good friends Leonard and Jane Snowdon, who kept the key to her house when she was away, and with whom she exchanged kind homely letters. For several recurring summers the yellow fever was prevalent and Rebecca Jones was at Edgley Farm, the country home of the Kallenders. Under date of Tenth Month 27th, 1798, she writes :

"Dear Leonard :—Thy few lines by Jos. F's man announced the purchase of two cords of good wood, for which I am renewedly indebted to thy brotherly care ; hope thou wilt come across a good sweep who

may scrape and clean both parlor and kitchen chimneys. Thy kind hints of dear Jane's kind intention to superintend cleaning, etc., does really give me concern, as she has plenty of engagements of her own and has been so lately enfeebled by indisposition. I do earnestly entreat that she may not attempt to exert herself in the least degree on that account, for if I am favored to return pretty well, as I hope to do, I can then, with Bernice's assistance, make out pretty well. I wish in thy next thou would say who of our neighbors are returned; whether our pump is in order and is well worked, as I fear it may not be fit to use, and will thou have Solomon rinse out my rain cask as it may be offensive. I hope any part of what I left in your hands will be used as freely as your own. There is covered up in a tub of sand in my cellar a good old cheese wrapped in a cloth—if you choose all or any of it. And I wish Leonard to look at the candle boxes in same cellar, lest the rats should annoy them, etc., etc."

These intimate letters bring closely home to us the manner of life at the time. The well to which she refers was renowned for the quality of its water, and people came from many squares distant to fill their noggins at Becky Jones' pump. Her home was described as "a compact habitation" where a warm welcome was extended to all, particularly the young under religious exercise. In 1799 Rebecca Jones and Jane Snowdon were in New England together on a religious visit, and interesting letters were sent to Leonard Snowdon at home. Other protracted

visits were made from time to time. In 1813 Rebecca Jones was very ill with typhus fever, from which illness she never fully recovered, but in the main her life flowed on in quiet lines, useful in the Meeting, comforting to her great circle of friends, happy in her little home.

Having been a teacher herself, Rebecca Jones was particularly influential at the time Westtown was established. She was consulted in regard to rules and regulations, and the plan of the building; and she took an especial interest in collecting pewter, which Friends by this time had largely discarded. It was no uncommon sight to see a wheelbarrow of platters and porringers trundled up to her door. Many of these were recast, and others in their original shape sent out to the new school.

To the poor, Rebecca Jones was a ready friend. Elizabeth Drinker and others gave her considerable sums of money which she expended wisely and tactfully. She visited almshouses and schools on singularly easy terms with both young and old.

The last years were calm and uneventful. Brooks' Court becoming somewhat undesirable, she removed to a house exactly opposite the old North Meeting. Having contracted rheumatism in Ireland, she was a long time lame, and finally confined to her room. But her engaging personality and tender spirit never forsook her. There was, quoting again from the memorials, "without assumption on her part, a queenly dignity, which drew from all the willing tribute of respect." "Here sits our Queen upon her



REBECCA JONES.

throne," said Thomas Scattergood, playfully, as he entered her chamber in her declining years. "Oh Thomas!" she replied, "sometimes my palace, sometimes my prison."

In appearance, Rebecca Jones was slightly above average height; slender when young, growing stouter with age, but still retaining her fine carriage. She was apt to become flushed when speaking in meeting; her few words and impressive manner creating great solemnity and sweetness. She wore a white cap, sometimes a black silk one on top, short sleeves and long silk mits; in earlier days a large beaver hat with broad brim, and crown half an inch high, sent her from England by her friend Martha Routh. In 1791 she writes, "Thy kind letter has laid me under sufficient obligation, without the addition of a *new English hat*." In later years she wore the "wagon" bonnet, with three capes extending over shoulders and back, a long cloak probably completing the costume.

In her seventy-fourth year she wrote to the daughter of her old friend Christiana Hustler (who had recently died in her 80th year): "I am now so stiff and enfeebled that I get out but seldom, and only to our North Meeting with the help of an arm and a staff." She was to live five years after this, gradually growing more feeble, but still able to extend comfort and cheer to many a drooping spirit. When the new Twelfth Street Meeting House was completed, she was taken in a carriage and got with difficulty to the head of the meeting, and once again, on

First Day morning, at Key's Alley, she raised a sup-
plicating voice: "To Thee and to the dear Son of
Thy love, be glory and honor, now and forever
more."

She died on the fifteenth of Fourth Month, 1818,
in her seventy-ninth year.

THE FOTHERGILLS

JOHN FOTHERGILL (the father)
(1676-1744)

DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL
(1712-1780)

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL
(1715-1772)

ANN FOTHERGILL
(1718-1802)

"No children had ever better example in a father, nor more seasonable admonitions; and he, before his departure, lived to see the desire of his soul, and the prayer he had put up for the salvation of his children answered to his wish, and all his offspring in so hopeful a way, that I make no doubt of his saying with good old Simeon, 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' "

Written of John Fothergill soon
after his death.

"I am humbly thankful to feel reason to believe that I am where I ought to be; and of this I am assured, that if we forget not our God and ourselves, he will never leave us, but will be merciful and will condescend as a tender father to our frailties."

Samuel Fothergill to a friend.

"Let us embrace the hand held out to help us, kiss the rod we may have deserved, and give thanks to God for his mercy and loving kindness, in thus exciting a fresh concern in the church for the restoration of its members."

Dr. John Fothergill to the Members
of his Meeting.

THE FOTHERGILLS.

THE HOME AT CARR-END.

There is an old stone farm-house almost hidden from the passer-by, the large trees and shrubbery in the front, and a huge rock which rises almost close behind it, combine to make it a most secluded spot. It is to this old home that I wish to take you and to introduce you to the people who once lived there.

Descendants of the family still visit it, because it is associated with the history of their people, and one writing recently (under date First Mo. 8, 1908) says, "To a loyal Yorkshire Dalesman like myself, it is rank heresy even to suggest that he can put the charms of his native dale into words. They must be seen and felt and even smelt to be thoroughly appreciated. The last verb may seem inappropriate, but wait till you have lain on your back, looking up at a cloud-flecked blue sky on a bed of purple ling in late summer, and you will not wonder, as you smell its fragrance, that the bees travel miles up from the farms in the valley below to gather its fragrant honey."

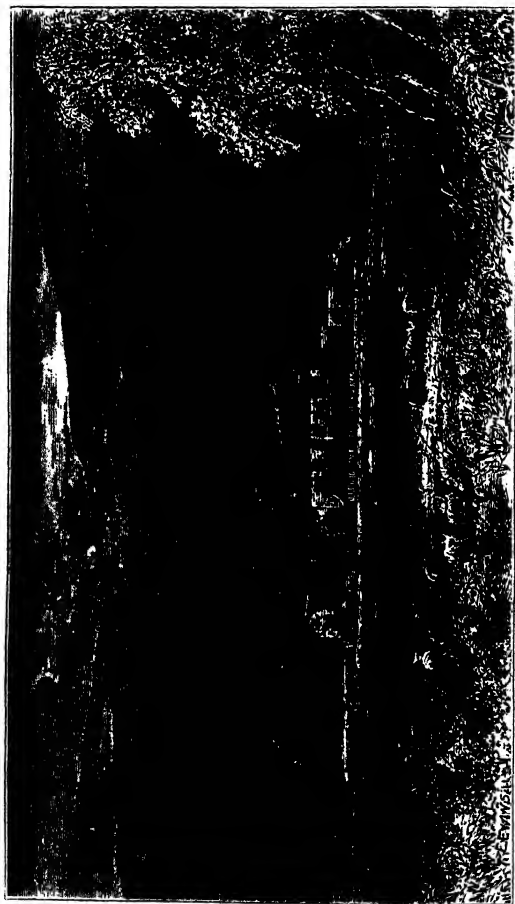
A low stone wall encloses a small garden in front, through one corner of which flows a little brook. Long ago plain Quaker maidens kept this little spot very attractive with their neatly trimmed plots of gay

flowers; now it is given over to the raising of beets and potatoes. Beyond the low wall, the little stream falls by easy stages to a lower level, where it joins a broader stream and with this flows on to the lake of Semer-water, which if the afternoon is fair, sparkles in full view in the sun light. The lake covers about 100 acres and helps to feed the river Yore, which winds on down the long valley its entire length and empties-into the Ouse at the other end.

To our right as we face the lake and just beyond the garden wall are the farm buildings; a gate opens from the highway, which is a rough and rocky road, that follows close under the huge cliff at the back of the house.

To this spot in the spring of 1709 a young man brought his bride, whom he had wed in one of the shires to the southward, The farm, which his own hands tilled with the aid of hired help, gave the family a comfortable living, for their wants were modest, and the good wife knew how to make much out of little. She was a lovely woman, with a strong sense of right and wrong, and a firm reliance on the love and goodness of her Heavenly Father. Both she and her husband were preachers in the Society of Friends.

The home was called Carr-End, because the house was built at the end of the valley, and right against the cliff or "carr." Great hills shut them in on all sides, and yet they knew that off beyond the lake their river stretched away for forty miles the whole length of Wensleydale. This is a beautiful dale, combining the rugged scenery of the mountains of West-



CARR-END.

(The early home of the Fothergills.)

moreland and Cumberland, Helvellyn and Catchediam, with the quiet pastoral beauty that abounds in most of Yorkshire. Here the young couple settled, busy with household cares and the entertaining of guests, for many Friends travelled past their door to other settlements still farther back among the hills. Always twice each week they rode to their meeting near by, and four times each year they travelled over the hills to York, the London of the north, to attend their Quarterly Meeting.

Numerous children were born to this family, one little girl and six boys. Then came another baby sister, and when she was but a few days old the mother died, and the heart-broken father was left alone with his family of little people, Alexander, the oldest, being only about ten. Five of these children grew up to maturity, and two, William and Thomas, died before they were twenty-one.

The name of the father was John Fothergill, and his wife's maiden name was Mary Hough. Her people had comfortable homes in Cheshire, and when it seemed best for the home at Carr-End to be broken up, aunts and uncles offered to care for the little people. Not long before Mary Fothergill's death, and when she was very ill, she said to her husband, "I wonder that I cannot be troubled at being likely to leave my little ones and my dear husband. *They* will be cared for, *thou* wilt be helped, and there is a place prepared for *me*."

The three children we shall follow in this chapter, are John, Samuel and Ann. Alexander and Joseph

married and left families, and many of their descendants are now living, both in England and America.

No thought was farther from the saddened heart of John Fothergill as he allowed his children to be taken home by the Houghs to be cared for and educated by them, than that one of his boys was to become the greatest of London's great physicians, the leading botanist of the realm, the friend and patron of education, prison reform and many philanthropies, the friend of Benjamin Franklin and the welcome visitor in the homes of the wealthy and cultivated in all parts of England; or that the other, the youngest of them all, was, after sore trials, to become one of the most gifted ministers of his time in the Society of Friends; no more did he guess that his demure little daughter, after caring for him through the declining years of his life, was to grace the home of her famous brother Doctor in London, carrying with her wherever she went, the freshness and the simplicity of that life which she had known as a child in the dear old home at Carr-End.

It is of these four Fothergills then that we shall write, John the father, John the son, the Doctor, Samuel and Ann; but before we take up the task, let us first gain a brief acquaintance with some of their intimate friends. The Fothergills were famous letter writers, and they kept very many of the letters they received, so that we have in this collection a rich store of material. They cover the period of a century, from 1700 to 1800, and reveal some very interesting facts and give us true pictures of the times.

THEIR FRIENDS.

Many Friends in the first half century of the Society's history migrated to America. Some found Lord Baltimore's invitation very welcome and on the shores of the Chesapeake made their first settlements; others travelled farther south into Virginia and the Carolinas, and a few families found homes even as far south as Georgia. Notwithstanding the harsh treatment shown the Friends in New England, as illustrated in the case of Elizabeth Hooton and those who were put to death on Boston Common, many settlements of Friends were made there, others on Long Island and in New Jersey. Then in 1682 began the wonderful exodus to Pennsylvania under William Penn.

The Fothergills never came to America to make a home here. They seem to have belonged to that class of Friends who could not feel it right to flee from persecution; but while they never came here to live, John, the father, made three separate religious visits to America and travelled up and down our coast visiting Friends wherever he could find them. Afterwards his son Samuel paid a long visit, and made more of an impression upon the American Friends than probably any other minister has done before or since. In this way they became acquainted with very many Friends in America, and many of the letters that passed back and forth have been collected and published.

When John Fothergill, the father, was travelling on one of his gospel visits, he met in the West Indies

a young merchant from Philadelphia; this man was a Friend and was Israel Pemberton by name. He was descended from a north England family, just as was John Fothergill; both his grandfather and father had migrated to America and landed the same month that William Penn reached Chester. The Pembertons, through the ignorance or dishonesty of their captain, had entered Chesapeake instead of Delaware Bay, but after rough travelling overland, the family at last reached the place where they had planned to settle, the Delaware shore, a little below and on the opposite side of the river from the present city of Trenton, N. J.

Israel Pemberton and John Fothergill often corresponded. The former left three sons, Israel, James, and John, and when Samuel Fothergill came to America in 1754, the homes of all three brothers opened wide their doors to receive him. One of them travelled with him to South Carolina on horseback, and another went with him later on a visit to New England. Many an earnest talk he had with these brothers as they sat by the great roaring wood fires in their comfortable Philadelphia parlors, looking out upon the Delaware and across to the low lying shores of New Jersey.

The duties of Friends to the Indians and negroes were absorbing topics. Both Israel and James Pemberton were members of the Pennsylvania Assembly, in which, at this time, Friends were largely represented. In the rooms of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania is a large collection of papers, memo-

randa, letters, &c., called the "Pemberton Collection," and in Samuel Fothergill's published correspondence are found many references to the Pembertons and their important work.

Another of Samuel Fothergill's friends was John Churchman. He owned one of the Nottingham lots, which William Penn had laid off in 1701, in order to keep Lord Baltimore from encroaching on his domain, and then, as you know, when the surveyors Mason and Dixon made the final survey in 1767, these lots proved to be in Maryland. Samuel Fothergill often stopped at John Churchman's home on his way north and south; he called it his "flat calm," because here more than anywhere else in America he felt at liberty to take his ease, and here while the master rested within doors, his faithful horse "Buck," which was to carry him thousands of miles over the rough roads of Virginia and Carolina, was turned out in John Churchman's meadow to rest.

The house where John Churchman entertained Samuel Fothergill still stands, set a little way back from the famous old stage road along which used to pass the long train of wagons running between Philadelphia and Baltimore. John Churchman had known Samuel Fothergill at his Warrington home, in England, having met him during the period of his long religious visit there, which was completed just as Samuel Fothergill's visit to America began. The men became warmly attached to each other, and many were the earnest talks they had together in the living room of the Nottingham homestead, or be-

neath the hemlock trees that shaded the spacious lawn in front. At times they journeyed together to visit meetings, and occasionally they met at the home of one of the Pemberton brothers in Philadelphia, to discuss the perplexing state of affairs which the Indian wars had brought upon Friends.

Two other Friends (Catharine Peyton and Mary Piesley) were closely associated with Samuel Fothergill in his religious work. They were remarkable women, and travelled extensively as gospel messengers both in their home countries and in America. Catharine Peyton is associated with the interesting history of a young Philadelphia girl named Rebecca Jones, who afterwards herself became a gifted minister of the gospel and whose journal is one of the most interesting of the Friends' journals of that time.

Catharine Peyton was an English Friend and Mary Piesley's home was in Ireland; they travelled much together, were in America at the same time with Samuel Fothergill, and during this time and for years afterwards kept up a very interesting correspondence with him.

Another close friend was Samuel Emlen. There was something about the saintly bearing of this good man, his extreme humility, his great gift of insight, his tenderness and his firmness that from the very first won Samuel Fothergill's love and admiration. Then too Samuel Fothergill was a scholarly man, and he found in Samuel Emlen what was rather rare among American Friends of that period, a ripe scholarship. On Samuel Emlen's visit to England

with John Woolman, he went soon after his arrival at London to the Warrington home, reaching there in time to be just too late to greet his friend, for Samuel Fothergill died Sixth Month 15th, 1772, and Samuel Emlen did not arrive until the 17th.

The friends of Doctor Fothergill were legion. He was not a minister and never travelled much out of England. After he became master of a home of his own in London, few American Friends of distinction came to England who were not entertained there. It became, through the generosity of the good Doctor and the warm welcome accorded all visitors by his sister Ann, the stopping place for travelling Friends. Doctor Fothergill's circle of friends included not only those of his own religious Society, but his company was sought for by the good and great almost all over the world. Probably his closest and dearest friend was David Barclay, a grandson of Robert Barclay, who wrote the Apology. One of his warmest admirers was no less a man than the great American, Benjamin Franklin, whose name was soon to become a household word in three nations.

JOHN FOTHERGILL—THE FATHER.

Great was the trial to a father such as John Fothergill, to be deprived of his loving wife and then to have the beautiful Carr-End home broken up and the children scattered: but he accepted it as part of his Heavenly Father's will towards him. He had already travelled very extensively in England, Scotland, and Ireland and had made his first visit to America.

Probably few Friends in England were more widely known throughout the Society than John Fothergill, and wherever he went he was made welcome. He was not a flattering preacher ; and sometimes it was hard for people to receive his message, for he told them plainly of their sins and warned them to change their ways. Later he married a second time, reopened the home at Carr-End, and gathered the children about him.

The boys were now growing to manhood and little Ann was able to take an important place as assistant to her step-mother in the cares of the family. Son Joseph married and settled in business at Warrington, John was completing his college course at Edinburgh, Samuel was an apprentice to a shop-keeper at Stockport, and Alexander, having studied law, assumed the management of the home.

John Fothergill became a minister at the age of twenty-one, and before his death his son had become prominent also as a minister, so that the two together covered almost a century that their services were acceptable to their friends. During the last years of John Fothergill's life he spent much of his time, when not absent on religious visits, with his daughter Ann, they having a home with his son John's family. He felt a warm interest and an honest pride in the great success that had crowned the efforts of his namesake, but most of all he felt grateful that the wealth and fashion of his London associates had not turned the young Doctor's head, but that with his growing fame, there had also been that more important advance in the things of God's kingdom.

During the last two years of John Fothergill's life he began to write a journal of his experiences. At first he felt it would be like praising himself to write out the wonderful events of his life, but his children persuaded him to begin, and once started on the task he worked diligently, for he came to feel that what he was writing might prove to be a blessing to others. He wrote whenever he was not from home on some religious duty, and when his enfeebled health would permit, but unfortunately for us his journal was made complete only down to the time of his return from his first trip to America, and just before his first marriage, so that from it we gain no knowledge of the family life at Carr-End. Most of this is gleaned from the rich correspondence to which allusion has already been made.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL'S REMARKABLE CONVINCEMENT.

Samuel Fothergill was one of the younger children; he did not remember his mother, as he was only three years old when she died. As he grew to boyhood, though he was under the best of care at the home of his mother's brother, it was very apparent that he was the black sheep of the flock. He was placed apprentice to a shop-keeper at Stockport, and soon reports reached the uncle's home that young Samuel was not doing right. His father visited him and his best friends tried to influence him for good, but he did not yield to their advices and continued to give them much concern.

So matters continued with him from year to year, growing from bad to worse. It was in Samuel Fothergill's nineteenth year that his father, about to pay his last religious visit to America, called his sons together for a farewell meeting, and turning to the youngest said, "And now, son Samuel, farewell! farewell! and unless it be as a changed man, I cannot say that I have any wish ever to see thee again."

This seems to us like a harsh farewell, when we remember that some thousands of miles and a broad ocean were to lie between father and son. John Fothergill loved his son tenderly; only the love which he bore to his Heavenly Father was greater. It had been his life-long desire to serve his Heavenly Master, and he felt that in this solemn farewell message he was doing His will; surely no one would question it in the light of what afterward happened.

Samuel Fothergill had been very unfortunate in the choice of companions; he was an unusually clever youth, and his company was greatly in demand. Like many another he was vain enough to enjoy the flattery of his associates, and yielding to one temptation after another, he was now, in his nineteenth year, too weak to withstand the common vices that presented. He wanted to do better, he said, but he was not strong enough to do it alone. This is the time to which our narrative has brought us, the farewell scene with his father.

These farewell words of his sorrowing father evidently left a deep impress on the young man's mind and heart, and he began to think and act in a new

way. He soon left Stockport, kept away from his old associates, and put forth strong efforts to lead a better life, praying for that help from above, which never fails those who seek it in true faith.

A great change came into his life. It was genuine and far-reaching; he fought many hard battles with the Evil One during the next few months. One of the surest proofs of the sincerity of his conversion was a letter he wrote to his Monthly Meeting, asking them to forgive his wrong deeds; at the same time he visited his former friends, those who had helped him to do wrong, to tell them of God's mercy to himself and to plead with them to turn away from their sins.

Word reached his father, who was in America, of the great change that had come into his son's life. He was, of course, greatly rejoiced, and yet we can see in some of the letters that he sent home at this time, that he received the news with bated breath, for it seemed almost too good to be true; he had so often, he thought, known of like resolves on his son's part, to end only in backsliding. But he misjudged him, for though young Samuel Fothergill met with many temptations, and had many weaknesses to overcome, he proved himself the victor, and ever after lived a good life.

Finally the time was drawing near for John Fothergill to return from America. The story of the meeting of father and son is variously given, and tradition has some part doubtless in all the stories. A member of the family asserts that the following is most probably correct. When the vessel reached

England, John Fothergill hurried north to be in time for his Quarterly Meeting at York. A great concourse of people had gathered, as was the custom at these meetings. John Fothergill was unavoidably late, and when he came to the meeting-house Friends had assembled inside. He made his way quietly to his accustomed seat at the front of the meeting, and one can easily imagine that many a silent prayer of thankfulness went up from that waiting company for his safe return. Soon he rose to speak. His message seemed clear, and he spoke with that ease and directness that belonged to him. Presently a cloud seemed to pass before him; natural pride, if he had any, would have told him to go on with the message. A little voice within, audible to his own ear alone, told him to stop.

John Fothergill had learned to know his Master's voice when he heard it, and still more he had learned to heed it. So, standing for a moment, he said, in substance, "My message for you has been taken away, but some one else will hand it forth." He sat down and a wave of expectation passed over the meeting. Presently, from another part of the room, a young man rose to his feet, who followed in the line of testimony already begun by John Fothergill. At the close of the meeting John Fothergill greeted the Friend by his side and asked him who the young man was who followed in the line of testimony that he had begun, and to whom had been given the message that was taken away from him. The Friend addressed said to him, "That is thy son Samuel."

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL—THE MINISTER.

If we were to give a list of the religious visits made by Samuel Fothergill through the years of his ministry, even those who know of the great extent of his work would be surprised. We shall attempt no such list. There were few Friends in England, Ireland and Scotland who did not know him, and so popular a speaker was he that people not of his religious society, hearing that he was likely to be at a certain place, travelled many miles in order to attend the meeting. Such treatment on the part of others would have a tendency to flatter most men. The following will show that Samuel Fothergill possessed that real humility which is oftenest found in those who talk least about it.

The year following his return from America, being at a large Quarterly Meeting at York, where he had spoken with fervor, his company was much sought for after the meeting, and numerous invitations were extended to him to dine at Friends' homes. An aged woman, a plain country Friend, took him aside from the company and repeated the passage, "When Jesus perceived that the people would take him by force and make him a king, he departed into the mountain himself alone." Samuel Fothergill, recognizing the force of the caution, mounted his horse and rode homewards. Afterwards he was wont to refer to this event as one that had helped him.

It was in 1754 that he left home on his great visit to America. Although this visit did not cover quite two years, it is safe to say that no English Friend,

either before that day or since, performed a larger service to Friends here than did Samuel Fothergill.

He came at first to the home of Israel Pemberton in Philadelphia, and in planning for his long journey to the south Israel Pemberton arranged to go with him. It is interesting to note that the fathers who had years before met in the West Indies, and who had been mutually helpful to each other in best things, were now represented by sons worthy of such fathers, engaged in a like service of love.

Samuel Fothergill was a man of sufficient means to make it comfortable for him to meet his own travelling expenses. The wealthy Pembertons, with that generous but unobtrusive nature that has characterized so many Philadelphia Friends from their day to this, wanted to be at all costs for his journey. Samuel Fothergill bought a good travelling horse, which he called "Buck," and on his back travelled a large part of the 8765 miles which he covered while in America. Before he left his comfortable English home, he remarked to a Friend that his only fear was the crossing of the great American rivers. Many a time he had to take to a canoe and swim his horse across a river, but a few trials soon gave him confidence and the fear departed.

In his travels in Virginia and the Carolinas, he had to make long journeys between stopping places, and finally, near the end of the journey, "Buck" was so thoroughly tired out that his master, with genuine grief, had to leave him behind on a small plantation in Northern Virginia. More than once, he wrote to

his sister, he had to share his own meagre rations with "Buck," willing enough to do it. Months after this, and when he had made a long visit to New England, having returned to Philadelphia, and being again at the home of John Churchman in Nottingham, which he loved so much, he wrote this to his sister: "My good old faithful companion and servant, who carried me 2300 miles last winter, whom I left in Virginia, very near his exit, as I thought, hath been brought up to me here this week, in tolerably good order; and I expect a great deal more service from him, as my journeys will be shorter, and provisions plenty and good. The poor old creature knew my voice when I spoke to him, and gave all the signs of joy on meeting me that such a creature is capable of."

In a letter of earlier date to his sister he had written: "My poor old horse, I am afraid, is dead; I was obliged to leave him; nature could do no more; he travelled 150 miles with me without even having so much as a quarten of English oats; I was obliged to beg a little Indian bread for my own support, for none could I buy, and I divided it honestly between him and myself. My companion, Israel Pemberton's horse, I hear, died soon after we left them, and the departure of my poor old 'Buck' was daily expected."

Samuel Fothergill had many strange experiences in the wilderness country, only one of which will be narrated here. This is given by Samuel Emlen, who, during his last visit to England, was often at Warrington, and who never seemed more happy than

when recounting in his peculiar style some of the American experiences of his beloved friend Samuel Fothergill. Thus he gives this anecdote: "During a visit which Samuel Fothergill paid to a few Friends scattered in the back parts of Pennsylvania, they had to endure much hardship; were sometimes obliged to pass the night in the woods, having the sky for their canopy, their travelling cloaks for covering, and using their saddles for pillows. Late one night they arrived at a solitary house in a lonely place; here they requested lodgings for the night, which were granted.

"They found that the house and extensive farm around it belonged to an individual, the mistress of many servants employed upon the land; she was of masculine character and strong powers of mind, but of an unregenerate heart, much under the influence of unsubdued passions and greatly addicted to profane swearing. Samuel Fothergill told his companion that from what he had observed, he thought her the most wicked woman he had ever seen. She nevertheless treated them with civility and even kindness. The situation of the family, with such a character for its head, caused some exercise of mind to Samuel Fothergill, and in the morning he requested that the household might be collected, and that they might sit down together; this was complied with, and the whole family was assembled."

"He addressed them in a remarkable manner, and in particular he was led to lay open the wickedness of the human heart in its unregenerate state, and the awful consequences of remaining in such a state.

His language and expressions were so powerful that the mistress of the house was greatly affected, her spirit was broken, and she wept much.

"After this, feeling at liberty, the Friends prepared to depart ; they took leave of the family, and desired to pay for their entertainment. She refused to accept anything, but said they were quite welcome to everything they had had, adding, that she was unworthy to receive such guests under her roof ; and so powerfully had the word preached wrought upon her heart, that she exclaimed, ' You are angels, but I am a devil ! ' "

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL AND THE INDIAN WAR.

In midsummer, 1755, the British forces under General Braddock were defeated at Fort Du Quesne. Right in the heart of the great iron city of Pittsburg, where the two beautiful mountain rivers, with their long Indian names, unite to form the Ohio, stands the little blockhouse, the chief historic monument the wealthy city affords. From the hills that surround this basin the Indian war-whoop sounded forth the victory that occurred here, when the strategic point passed into the hands of the savages.

Students of history recognize in this defeat two important events : the gain made by the French in the fertile lands west of the Alleghany Mountains, and the introduction into history of a young Virginian, who, associated with Braddock in his defeat, was, twenty years later, as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, to face the British armies in a

long struggle for American Independence. While the difficulties with the Indians had kept the scattered settlements in the western part of Pennsylvania uneasy, Philadelphia had known a marvelous development; she was favorably situated on the banks of a large navigable river, and the country that stretched away to the north and west was as fair a land, the settlers said, as ever the sun rose on.

Upon the banks of the Wissahickon Creek in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, stands a marble figure of William Penn, in heroic size, with the one word "Toleration" cut into the base. This symbolizes the spirit of that time, and expresses better than a long essay could explain it, the phenomenal development of Pennsylvania. There was no burning of witches, no hanging of "heretics," no whipping of unfortunate women at cart-tails; there was, instead, broad Christian tolerance. As a result, we find in Pennsylvania to-day (1910) more distinct religious organizations than in any other territory of like extent the world over.

The doctrine of Penn had prevailed down to the middle of the 18th century; but clouds were gathering, and before Samuel Fothergill came to America, already had the storm signals been recognized by those most awake to the interests of the Society of Friends. Among these were Israel and James Pemberton and John Churchman. Of the thirty-six members of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1755, twenty-eight were Friends, not all of them prominently identified with the Society's interests, but the

prevailing sentiment of the Assembly was the Friendly one.

There was honest fear felt that the atrocities in the western wilderness would be followed up by the victorious Indians. The following year, while Friends were in session at Yearly Meeting, a massacre occurred in Northampton County, and the terrible reality of war with the savages was made very vivid by the display of the dead bodies of three or four white men, from wagons which were driven up and down the principal streets of the city.

The election of 1755 returned a large majority of Friends to the Assembly, and a sum of £50,000 was voted for the assistance of friendly Indians and "other purposes." Much of this and other money was used for the construction of a "line of forts extending along the Kittanning hills from the Delaware river to the Indian frontier."

The question was now fairly and honestly before Friends. The money they not only gave in taxes, but voted from the Assembly, was being devoted to specific war measures. The peace policy that had prevailed for seventy years, and that has made this period of Pennsylvania history the delight of all peace men ever since, was now to be tested. Samuel Fothergill was often in consultation with the Pembertons, and the influence of his clear judgment was felt with force.

There are few more attractive pictures in colonial history than that afforded by the Friends of Pennsylvania during these few years. They represented all types

of steadfastness to principle, from that of the Pemberton brother, who not only resigned his seat in the Assembly, and who even refused to vote during a period of years, to the other extreme of Friends, who desired for mercenary reasons to hold their seats and their influence, with the declared, but probably not accepted belief that an honest compromise could be effected.

Samuel Fothergill's position was without compromise; he was tolerant of the religious scruples of all, but he was strongly wedded to the conviction that all war was unchristian, and summed up his doctrine thus: "If the potsherds of the earth clash together, let them clash." A committee of twenty Friends met for the purpose of preparing a paper to go as the Yearly Meeting's message to the Assembly. On this committee were two of the Pemberton brothers, John Churchman, Anthony Morris and Anthony Benezet. Samuel Fothergill was asked to sit with them. The paper drafted was submitted to the Meeting and afterwards forwarded to the Assembly, and is the first strong official act of the Meeting on the subject of the war.

The result of this as history regards it was largely fruitless. Samuel Fothergill mourned in spirit over the prospect that lay before the fair province of Pennsylvania; Friends, as we know, lost the political influence they had held for seventy years, and the affairs drifted toward war. Twenty years later, the Pembertons were to hear the great bell on the Chestnut Street State House, close to their homes, ring out the

message of Independence, to be purchased at the cost of a long war then just beginning.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE DISCIPLINE.

This is the most serious contribution of Samuel Fothergill's life, and to make clear just what it was would require space beyond the limits of this sketch. Moreover, from the very nature of the case, most that could be offered would be uninteresting and dull. Suffice it to say that at the time of his visit to America, Friends here had in many cases become very careless in regard to their "business meetings"; in many instances these were not held at all, and in others it profited very little that they were held. Samuel Fothergill was largely instrumental in helping American Friends establish their Meeting for Sufferings,* and also in establishing the Meeting of Ministers and Elders, a component part of all Yearly Meetings from that time to this. In order to lead Friends to consider more carefully their own life among their fellow men, their duties to them and to their families, a series of queries were arranged, which, variously modified and extended, have since been an important element in the business transacted

* This was the name given to the Representative Meeting of Friends held from time to time during the fifty-one weeks of the year when the Yearly Meeting is not in session. The old name was discontinued in 1910, and the body is now called the Representative Meeting.

in Friends' Meetings. Work similar to this had been done in England before Samuel Fothergill's visit.

In the possession of the Friends' Free Library at Germantown, Philadelphia, is a beautifully written London "*Discipline*," most neatly executed and containing extracts from minutes on various subjects from 1672 to 1752. This is supposed to have been in the possession of Samuel Fothergill, and was left in the custody of the Pembertons and John Churchman. Either this or some similar copy Samuel Fothergill carried with him on his long journey to which we have made numerous references. His messages to the people wherever he went were, we cannot doubt, for their help in spiritual growth. Part of his message, however, was to stir up life among the "dead bones," which he found in so many places, and this he believed would be helped by restoring the Discipline to the position he felt it ought to hold.

JOHN FOTHERGILL—THE DOCTOR.

Meanwhile Samuel Fothergill's older brother John was gaining great distinction for himself in London. Between the two brothers there always existed the closest friendship; the letters that passed between them give us the most perfect insight we have into the real characters of the two men.

John Fothergill's career as a young doctor was not unlike that of many another young man who goes from the country to seek his work in a great city. He was poor and little known. He rented a house and hired a housekeeper, for he never married; but

in later years, and after the death of their father, his sister Ann came to London to preside over his household. Here he struggled for several years, doing much work among the poor, and of course receiving much experience and small fees in return. That Dr. Fothergill had high ideals regarding his profession may be judged from his words. They are the governing principle of hundreds of doctors to-day, but perhaps no one ever better expressed them than did Dr. John Fothergill. "My only wish was to do what little business might fall to my share as well as possible and to banish all thoughts of practicing physic as a money-getting trade, with the same solicitude as I would the suggestions of vice and intemperance." He was in his twenty-eighth year when he began to practice medicine; this was a little after the time referred to on a former page when his brother Samuel experienced such a remarkable conversion of heart.

Doctor Fothergill owed his start to success in life, some say, to his peculiar treatment of a disease called putrid sore throat. His patients recovered, while hundreds of those of other doctors did not, and the young doctor was crowded with applications. From this time on he gave up a large share of his charity practice to younger men, but he seems to have made some firm resolves which he never violated. For instance, it was his practice during the last fifteen or more years of his life to spend the autumn months at a rented estate, called Lea Hall, not far from the home of his mother in Cheshire, and

one day each week he devoted to free practice in the nearest market town. This plan worked a double service: the poor were helped, and those who could pay a physician, being unwilling to accept his service without a return, were kept away.

Another rule of the doctor's was to make no charge to any one, no matter of what religious society, who was in the station of a clergyman. He was most liberal with his income when he found that a family under his care was in need because the wage earners had been sick; instead of rendering a bill, he would cancel it and give the family its amount in money. Sometimes a single gift of more than \$1000 was made in this way.

During one period of his practice, his sister Ann wrote to the Yorkshire relatives that he had as many as sixty patients on his daily list of visits; his monthly income at times was very large, and was estimated at not less than \$3,000, or \$36,000 a year. It would be difficult, however, to make an accurate guess, as his gifts were so numerous, so large and so secretly made that no one, himself included, had a fair idea of what his practice actually returned him.

Were we writing a full sketch of Dr. Fothergill, we would tell of his numerous contributions to medicine. Even now, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years, his medical opinions are occasionally quoted; his ideas on inoculation as a preventative of smallpox, on diphtheria, on the nature of prescriptions, his materia medica, etc., etc. A beautiful life he led, as he passed in and out among a people who



UPTON HOUSE, NEAR STRATFORD, ESSEX.

(Dr. Fothergill's residence.)

yielded him unstinted respect. He was a great doctor, but there was that in him that overshadowed the doctor. He was a great man, and almost every movement for the betterment of his fellows found in him a ready and willing supporter. But more than all else, he taught all those who knew him, that he recognized a power vastly beyond all human power; and as a humble, devout Christian, a modest, unassuming Friend, he set an example of simplicity and refinement among the most favored citizens of London.

DR. FOTHERGILL—THE PATRON OF SCIENCE.

Not alone as the good physician did Dr. Fothergill figure as a prominent man in his generation. He will probably be longest remembered for his contributions to the advancement of the race in other avenues of service; as a friend of science and a promoter of charities, as a statesman and a diplomat, as a pioneer in educational reform, and lastly as one whose crowning interests were to be found in the spiritual growth of the Religious Society into which he had been born, and of which he became, by honest and whole-hearted conviction, a valuable member.

It is far past the hour when most people have retired; the hum of the busy city, that has been incessant since long before daybreak, has at last given place to a quietness that will continue for only a few short hours. A straight, slender figure of medium height, very slightly bent; clad in the distinctive garb of the physician of his day, a carefully

powdered wig with eight curls, the lowest ones resting on his shoulders; on his head a cocked hat and in his hand a heavy cane; his coat, close fitting, is a light grey; in cut it is plain and simple, for having adopted the costume, "he thought it unworthy a man of sense, and inconsistent with his character, to suffer himself to be led by the whim of fashion and become the slave of its caprices;" with lantern in hand, this figure passes along the neatly kept walks of his beautiful garden.

On every side are evidences of a lavish use of money. Nothing is stinted; those great rows of greenhouses are full of the rarest plants found in all England; this shrub once grew on the slopes of the Andes; that one was gathered as a mere switch by John Bartram in the Everglades of Florida; this, again, came from the Polynesian Islands, and on another path he pauses to measure the height of some young forest trees, planted as seeds five years before, which had been sent him by his Pennsylvania correspondent, Humphrey Marshall, and which had been gathered on the Brandywine hills in Chester County.

This is no other than Dr. Fothergill; for a while all thoughts of the sick room are forgotten; the day being too crowded to allow him to indulge in his favorite pastime, he has come here late at night to enjoy what his heart fairly revels in. When his income became so large as to make it possible to indulge his taste for botany, he had commenced to plan a great botanical garden. His time was too precious to allow him to do much of the detail work himself, so the

purchase of the property and the arrangement of it after the purchase were left largely to the care of agents.

The tract was close to London, and contained at first thirty acres, with a house and a large garden; later thirty acres more were added; in after years it became the home of Samuel Gurney, and now is a portion of the People's Park, and still retains a few traces as reminders of the time of Dr. Fothergill. Here he spared neither pains nor cost in establishing a great botanical garden; at the time of his death it was second, in all the world, only to the Royal Gardens at Kew. Here were planted seeds and shrubs from China, the East and West Indies, Siberia, the islands of the Pacific and the forests of North and South America.

The greenhouses contained 3400 species of exotics, and out of doors as many distinct specimens of plants from foreign places. He made careful experiments to introduce useful plants. The test of an experiment is measured quite as much by its failure as by its success. He conclusively proved that under existing circumstances the cinchona, whence our quinine, and the bread fruit tree would not thrive in the British climate. He employed at times a small army of specialists sketching, painting and writing descriptions of his botanical specimens; all the work he did had for its object a degree of permanency. Nothing seemed quite to satisfy Dr. Fothergill if it was simply to please a passing whim.

Many a barrel or box of earth from some foreign

port was left at Upton, and the gardeners directed to spread this out and watch carefully for the development of any plant life that might show itself. The story is told of two men, one of them a sea captain, who were found filling a hogshead with ordinary earth in a woodland on the banks of the Delaware; when asked why they did it, their answer was, that a kind doctor in London had cured one of them of some disease, and that he would take no fee, but said that he would be glad to have a barrel of wood-earth from an American forest.

The place at Upton was intended by Dr. Fothergill as a retreat from the exacting cares of his practice, but he found it too near London to keep his patients away. So in the course of a few years he rented Lea Hall in Cheshire, and here, during the last fifteen years of his life, he spent the autumn months. He was not far from his brother Samuel, and other relatives at Warrington added to the attractions of the place.

While botany was Dr. Fothergill's chief hobby, there were other matters that claimed his interest almost as much. If he knew of an honest investigator who had any stamp of originality, his purse and his sympathy were at that man's service. When Benjamin Franklin, unknown to fame, sent to a prominent scientist in England an account of some of his experiments, it was received with little less than laughter and ridicule by most, especially his remarks suggesting the identity of lightning and electricity. The Royal Society refused to print the papers, but

Franklin says in his "*Autobiography*," "Dr. Fothergill thought them of too much value to be stifled and advised the printing of them." He won the esteem of Benjamin Franklin, who in after years wrote from Passy, in France, at the time of Dr. Fothergill's death, "I doubt whether there has ever existed a man more worthy than Fothergill of universal esteem and veneration."

Associated with David Barclay, his close friend, he devised numerous plans for lessening the expense of living for the working classes in London, increasing the real value of their food and at the same time lessening its cost; they established a fish-market of their own, bought potatoes wholesale in Lancashire, and retailed them at cost; prepared formulæ for nutritious bread made of potatoes and corn flour, when wheat was so high that the bakers were adulterating their flour. A hard-pressed scholar found in the doctor a ready helper, and Purver's great translation of the Bible is the result.

He gave practical assistance to improved methods of transportation in great cities, was wide awake to such questions as street cleaning, widening and paving, and was among the very first to give practical shape to the ideas of the dreamers who saw the Thames crossed by bridges. He worked with Howard as a pioneer in prison reform, and more than any other one man, wiped out the blot of shame that rested upon his people from their inhuman treatment of the French prisoners.

When the Empress of Russia finally concluded

that she would submit to inoculation, then beginning to grow in popularity in western Europe, she dispatched a message to Dr. Fothergill to send to the royal palace at St. Petersburg the most skilful physician he could secure, and to spare no expense in order that she and her people might be well served; and so it would be possible to continue our catalogue of good deeds in which the doctor so prominently figured. His name is indelibly stamped on the sciences of medicine and botany, and oftentimes, in our searches back into the origin of measures that date from near the middle of the 18th century, we shall find the name of Fothergill associated with them.

DR. FOTHERGILL, THE STATESMAN.

In a little London parlor a scene was enacted which, had it turned the scales, would have passed into history and have been recorded on some great painter's canvas. The three characters in the picture would have been Dr. Fothergill and his friend, David Barclay, representing England's interests, and Benjamin Franklin, the rising statesman, representing the claims of the American colonists. All three wanted to make the claims of the two countries the same, and it was an honest effort to harmonize them, that brought these men together.

One must go back a little in history to find the starting point of this story. It will be remembered that while William Penn deeded vast tracts of land in Pennsylvania to various persons, there were, however, at the time of his death many thousands of



DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



DAVID BARCLAY.

acres which, by the laws of the county, were passed on to his own family. By the laws then in force, this land of the proprietors was free from taxation; the colonists in 1757 felt the injustice of this, and the Pennsylvania legislature, called the Assembly, sent young Franklin to England to interview Thomas Penn, and gain his consent as proprietor to have his land taxed.

Franklin carried with him a letter to Dr. Fothergill, as the best man in London to help him in his delicate task. Dr. Fothergill was physician, as we have seen, to the best families in London, and gave Franklin a letter to Thomas Penn. As a matter of fact Thomas Penn did not care to treat with Franklin on this matter, for he felt that it was an interference with his rights. After his first interview with Thomas Penn, Franklin did not return to America, but remained in England five years endeavoring to influence the public, chiefly through the press, in favor of the Colonies.

Soon after his return to Philadelphia, he was appointed by the Assembly to go to London a second time; the occasion this time was to enter into negotiations with the British government for making Pennsylvania a royal government like New York and Virginia.

He was eleven years from home on this visit, and during this period, as we know, the two countries were drifting toward war. Various events occurred that we are familiar with from our United States histories; but as yet no measure had been suggested

which satisfied both the home nation and the young colonists. Franklin was just on the eve of returning to America, when Dr. Fothergill, more anxious by far than most of his fellow countrymen to avert the horrors of war, asked Franklin to have a conference with himself and David Barclay.

There are important details of this meeting, which will be found sketched in various histories, or better still the story is graphically told by Amelia Mott Gummere in the "*Bulletin of Friends' Historical Society of Philadelphia*," for Tenth Month, 1906; the merest outline is given here to render Dr. Fothergill justice. This is the meeting to which we referred on a previous page, as the one which would have been famous had the scales turned the way Dr. Fothergill wanted them to turn.

Benjamin Franklin drew up a long paper of seventeen articles, which he thought represented the chief claims the colonists made. These the doctor and David Barclay carefully considered. They thought that members of influence in the British parliament would accept most of these, but Article XII they knew would not pass, and they tried to influence Franklin to change it.

These men were not appointed by their respective governments to avert the war, but they were held in such high esteem by their people, that it is not difficult to believe they were fully able to judge of what it would be safe to compromise, and what it would not be safe to change. You may be interested to hunt out this Article XII. on which Ben-

jamin Franklin and the two Friends could not agree. No one knows that it would have prevented the war had it been agreed to, but it is a beautiful illustration of an earnest practical attempt to do good on a large scale, and adds one more laurel to the already large wreath the doctor so modestly wore.

Dr. Fothergill, disappointed but never disheartened, addressed an open letter to the members of parliament, urging them to avert a war with the Colonies. His desire was not realized, the war came and almost three years before the final surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, the doctor passed away; then it was that his admiring friend Benjamin Franklin, wrote the eulogy that has been already quoted, and which few men have been more worthy of than Dr. John Fothergill.

DR. FOTHERGILL AND ACKWORTH SCHOOL.

In Dr. Fothergill's native county, Yorkshire, was a branch of the London Foundling Hospital; here in 1758, brisk building operations were going on, and a few years later several hundred homeless boys and girls were made comfortable until permanent homes could be found for them with the thrifty farmers of the neighborhood. In a few years, however, parliament withdrew its large gift of money that was used to conduct this branch, and the little people, for whom homes had not been provided, were taken back to London and placed in the great Hospital there, which was not far from the office of Dr. Fothergill. The doctor was interested in the little

orphans, and many a donation he had made, we can well believe, toward this worthy cause, but he was also deeply interested in education.

His desire would have been to have all children of all classes educated, but naturally and properly his chief concern was for the children of his own religious Society, and especially for those whose parents were not well off or, as he said, "not in affluent circumstances."

For very many years the subject of education had been before London Yearly Meeting, but Friends at that time felt very little interest in educational matters; the wealthier ones had good boarding schools, some fifteen or more of them, in various parts of England, but these were not open to the rank and file of English Quaker boys and girls. Those who were in earnest that all should have better chances than the poor neighborhood and village schools afforded had a double task: first, to educate the parents to see that it would be a real advantage to the children to be better educated, and then to raise the money, establish a school and find the teachers.

Dr. Fothergill was the leader in this as in so many other things. When the Foundling Hospital near Ackworth village, just alluded to, was vacated, the farm was held for sale, and some of the managers advised that the fine large stone house be torn down, because, they said, no farmer would buy the place with such a big house upon it; but the house stood, and, sure enough, no buyer came for it. The owls made their nests in the vacated bedrooms, and a



ACKWORTH SCHOOL, ENGLAND.
(From an old engraving.)

brood of wild baby foxes, some one says, were found to have a comfortable home in an angle of the main corridor. But before the building had fallen seriously into decay, the thought came to Dr. Fothergill that this abandoned farm near York would be the site for a Friends' Boarding School. He was too closely tied with his patients to go to see the place himself, but he asked David Barclay and another Friend to go for him. They came back with a report that satisfied the doctor, and before long money had passed to the Foundling Hospital. A minute of the Yearly Meeting somewhere states that the property had been "contracted for by *one* individual." We do not find it difficult to guess who that one individual was.

Dr. Fothergill did not buy Ackworth and deed it to the Yearly Meeting; he had too good judgment for that. What was most needed at this time was that all who could, should share in the responsibility of the burden, and he wanted to do his part with the rest. In 1779 Ackworth School opened; its history is foreign to our subject. Dr. Fothergill visited the place three times, twice in the summer of 1780, the winter of that year being the date of his death.

The various reports of committees that finally led up to the opening of the school make attractive reading, and Dr. Fothergill had a part in all of them. For the last months of his life the Ackworth School and his Meeting appointments were his chief concerns. He desired that the boys and girls should have better opportunities in every way than their

parents had enjoyed, but he desired most of all for them that by the opening of this great boarding school near the city of York, the stronghold of Quakerism in the north of England in his day, the moral and religious training of the youth should receive an attention it had not received before. Surely the one hundred and thirty years that have since elapsed have justified the fondest hopes of this devoted worker.

Here we must leave Dr. Fothergill. His sister Ann lived for a few years more; she outlived all her brothers, and was the last of that band of children who had played together by the brookside in the garden at Carr-End.

ELIZABETH FRY

(1779–1845)

*"In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's liberal hall,
In the great city's restless crowd and din,
Her ear was open to the Master's call,
And knew the summons of His voice within.*

*"Tender as mother, beautiful as wife
Amidst the throngs of prisoned crime she stood,
In modest raiment, faultless as her life,
The type of England's worthiest womanhood."*
Whittier's "The Two Elizabeths."

ELIZABETH FRY.

Some girls, when they grow old enough to read and think about good and great people, begin to wish that they were boys, and might grow into men instead of women, because it seems to them that so many of the great figures in history were men.

If any such thought has been in the mind of a girl who reads these pages, she might study the picture facing this page, and see what a story it tells of woman's work, and all it may be. It is a very well-known picture—Elizabeth Fry in the prison of Newgate, but one in which we may see new beauty, as we know more of her life.

When Elizabeth Fry began this work she was a wife and mother with many home cares. Eleven children were given to her, and yet she never neglected them in all her labors for others. It is said of her that she "had the gentlest touch with little children," and as they grew older she kept them much with her.

One of her daughters has written of their visits to the poor people in the neighborhood of Plashet, their lovely country home. They especially enjoyed going to "Irish row," and viewing the comical housekeeping at Molly Maloney's, where "the children and chickens were chased, screaming and fluttering, from

the potato heap in one corner to the pile of straw in the other," in the vain hope of getting them out of the way, while Elizabeth Fry sat on an upturned pail, "dusted with the last remnant of Molly's apron," and talked to her.

When the gypsies camped in a green lane near by, at the time of the Fair, Elizabeth Fry visited them, and with her own children about her, talked with the swarthy parents about the care of their babies.

How delightful were the hours spent in setting out primroses and violets in the shrubberies and plantations at Plashet !

And all the while they were learning the great lesson that the good things they enjoyed were given them to share with others who had less. Even the family cow was once loaned to a poor woman, who was in need of more milk to sell. So we see that Elizabeth Fry in her own home and to her own family was as lovely and helpful as she was to the prisoners in Newgate, or on the convict ships.

One of her brothers tell us that "the law of love" which might be said to be always on her lips, was also deep in her heart. That she was wonderfully persevering in anything she felt it right to do, and even when something kept her from going on with it for a time, she returned to it as soon as she could. "She was," he says, "always ready . . . to do good, be it ever so little; to a child, a waiter at an inn, a friend, a neighbor, a stranger."

Queen Charlotte of England was so greatly interested in her prison work that she wished to hear of it



ELIZABETH GURNEY.
(Of Earlham.)

from her own lips, and we have her daughter Katharine's account of the audience which the Queen gave Elizabeth Fry. She tells how the footmen in livery laid down a piece of scarlet cloth and there was a cry "The Queen is coming!"

Then a buzz of "Mrs. Fry! Mrs. Fry!" ran through the room. There came a procession of great people in court dress, and then "darling Mother, in her plain Friend's cap, one of the light scarf cloaks worn by plain Friends, and a dark silk gown, with her light flaxen hair, and a little flush on her face, from the bustle and noise she had passed through," but with "her lovely placid smile."

What a picture it makes! The "little Queen, covered with diamonds," and the simply dressed but noble looking woman, as much at home in her presence as with the poor gypsies, simply because her mind was set upon the highest things.

When we look at the portrait of Elizabeth Fry we feel like saying, "Yes, *such* a woman might do anything! She is so beautiful and stately and brave. She looks as if she could dare anything for the right, and would never have doubts and fears, or make mistakes!" Perhaps we are tempted to add, "I never could do such things!"

If we feel like this, let us turn to another picture,—the silhouette of little Betsy Gurney* of Earlham,—*"my dove-like Betsy,"* her mother called her, when she was three years old. She was only twelve when

* The pet name of Elizabeth Gurney as child and maiden, before her marriage to Joseph Fry.

she lost this precious mother, but her father was always very dear to her, and the wise elder sister "Kitty" ruled the family so well, when she was left to take her mother's place, that Betsy wondered they were not better, considering "what a sister we have!"

Not only in her sister, but in all her home associations the little girl was greatly favored. Of the earlier summer home of the family at Bramerton she relates that when told of Adam and Eve being driven from Paradise, "I always considered it must be just like our garden at Bramerton," and also says, "Here, I think, my great love for the country, the beauties of nature, and attention to the poor began."

But "these impressions must have been deepened," says one of her biographers, "after their removal to Earlham." The house, a large irregular building, is situated in a well-wooded park, through which the river Wensom winds its way. The banks of this clear stream, overhung by an avenue of ancient timber-trees, were in summer the favorite resort of the youthful, happy group. There they would assemble to read and sketch, or take their evening walk. From the south front of the dwelling extends a noble lawn, richly covered with grass, moss and wild-flowers, and shaded on the borders by groves of trees.

Each one of the Gurney sisters seems to have kept a diary, and so we have their own record of their lives as girls, in the lovely Earlham home, where they saw much company, and enjoyed riding, sketching, reading and many other pleasures.

They were a lively party, and with their cousins and friends had many frolics, such as the "ass ride," when fifteen of them mounted donkeys and galloped about the country lanes, with three men following on foot "to pick up those who fell."

They were expected to go to the Friends' Meeting in Goats Lane; but this does not seem to have been a pleasure, rather something that must be done with as good a grace as possible, and Betsy did not at first love going to meeting any more than her sisters.

Now let us see how far we can trace in her as a girl the likeness of the noble woman she became. She tells at different times, in her diary, how timid she was; how much afraid of death, for herself and others. She used to creep to her mother's bedside where she lay asleep, to make sure she was still alive; and—fearful little creature though she was—she could remember longing that "two large walls might crush us all together, that we might die at once, and thus avoid the misery of each other's death."

She was often far from well, and very nervous, afraid of being left in the dark, and so often not able to study that she was called "stupid," which she thought helped to make her so by discouraging her efforts to learn.

That she always knew what was right, and was strong enough to do it, was certainly not true in these girlish days. "I am at present," she once wrote, "like a ship put to sea without a pilot. I see everything darkly, I doubt upon everything." Even the

gentle elder sister saw her faults. That Betsy "was somewhat obstinate in her temper, except toward her mother," and adds that, because she disliked learning, "her education was very imperfect."

When she was seventeen, however, there came a great change in her life, in which we, as American Friends, should feel an especial interest, since it was William Savery of Philadelphia, whose ministry was blessed by the power of God to bring home to the heart of the gay girl her need of a Saviour. At first she had sat in the meeting that morning with her six sisters "under the gallery," rather restless, and looking a good deal at her "very smart boots," which "were purple, laced with scarlet." They all liked the voice and manner of the American Friend, and listened to him more earnestly than they usually did; but it was Betsy who went at the close of the meeting to ask liberty of her father to dine at "the Grove" (her uncle Joseph Gurney's) with William Savery, and who "wept most of the way home" in the carriage, as one of the sisters wrote in her diary. From that time William Savery's influence upon her character was strongly felt, and she had much need of his counsel and support.

It was soon shown her that she might be called to be "a Friend" of another sort from many of her acquaintance, and to give up much that had been dear to her before. Her little sister Richenda wrote in her diary, "I have felt extremely uncomfortable about Betsy's Quakerism, which I saw to my sorrow increasing every day. She no longer joined in our

pleasant dances, and singing she seemed to give up. She dressed as plain as she could and spoke still more so." The sisters felt it hard that one of them should be so different from the rest, though even Richenda had to admit that Betsy was improving in many ways.

We may be sure that these days of trying and proving were even harder for the girl herself than for her sisters. In regard to the use of "the plain language," she had many struggles. Once she wrote, "I am happy to say my mind feels clear; I dare not draw back. I hope to continue in the habit with spirit, and if by yesterday week I have not kept up to it and feel discouraged, I may give it up!" Three days after the above was written she records meeting a certain "Henry B——" at Newmarket, and being afraid to use "the plain language" to him, confesses, "I took to my heels and ran away," but "after I collected myself, I did it without much difficulty."

Even after she had taken some decided steps toward becoming "a plain Quaker," she felt that she must try once more for herself a taste of gay life, and asked her father's permission to go to London, where she had dancing lessons, went to concerts and "routs," and with her face "painted a little," and her hair "dressed," to the Opera, where she saw the Prince of Wales, "and felt much pleasure in looking at him."

Her "dear father" was with her a part of the time, and one can easily fancy how keenly he felt for his lovely Betsy in her struggles to find the right.

Doubtless he realized that greater was He whose spirit was working in her heart than "he that is in the world," and so felt he could leave the outcome with her Heavenly Father. She was thoroughly persuaded by this "taste" (as she called it) of London life, that dancing, card-playing, the theatre, and similar things were wrong for her, and as she was led on, step by step, was shown how to bear her testimony against them in such a spirit as not to separate herself from the members of her own family who could not feel as she did.

When she began to believe that she might one day have a call to preach the Gospel, she felt that it would be a very hard thing; that she was very unlike those who generally appeared as ministers. But she was made willing to leave it all, for a time, in her Heavenly Master's hand, and it was by her own father's grave, in a prayer of thanksgiving for the mercies attending his death, that she first answered this call. She was then about twenty-nine years of age.

So "hard things" were "made easy" for her, as so often happens. The wise elder sister gives us the right thought about the difference between Betsy Gurney and Elizabeth Fry when she tells us that the very traits of character which seemed faults when she was a girl were so changed under the influence of religion as to become virtues, and prove most helpful to her in her life-work.

"Thus," says Catharine Gurney, "her natural timidity was the means of her acquiring the opposite virtue of courage, through the transforming power of

Divine grace." . . . "Her natural obstinacy became that finely tempered decision and firmness which made her able to carry out her plans for the good of others. What was in childhood something like cunning, ripened into the most uncommon penetration, long-sightedness, and skill in influencing the minds of others." Even her dislike for the common ways of learning made her think more for herself, and act more quickly upon her own resources, and as her religious experience deepened "her sympathies became enlarged," until, says this sister who knew and loved her so well, "She became a living illustration of St. Paul's description of Charity."

Elizabeth Fry's marriage made it easier for her to live as she felt called to do ; for her husband and his family were "plain" Friends ; yet when her marriage to Joseph Fry took place in 1800, her heart was sad at the thought of leaving the dear Earham home, and her school for poor children, of which when just starting it she wrote in her diary, "I have begun with Billy, but I hope to continue and increase one by one." So successful had this "increase" been that when she gathered these children in the garden on the eve of her wedding to bid them farewell, there were eighty-six of them, and "many of them wept" at parting with their lovely young teacher, who was then but twenty.

Now a home in the heart of busy London was the lot of the young wife, and earnestly she longed that her life there might be to her Heavenly Father's praise. She felt it right that the Bible should be read aloud

to the gathered family after breakfast; for though this is so common among Friends as we know them, it was then a new and strange thing, and she found it very hard to persevere in it, especially when older Friends were visiting them. One morning she was so overcome by her feelings as not to be able to go on with the Psalm she had begun, but handed it to her husband to finish.

The care of her little children, and of her servants, often kept Elizabeth Fry very busy; but more and more she began to visit the poor people, and to see how much need there was that such work should be done.

One cold winter day a woman met her in the street, and begged for help. She was carrying a little half-naked child that seemed very ill with whooping-cough. When Elizabeth Fry offered to go home with her, she tried to slip away, but, being determined to see where she lived, Elizabeth Fry followed her, and found in a wretched, filthy house a number of poor sickly babies without any comforts or care. When, the next day, she sent her own doctor to the place, the woman and all of the children were gone, but the neighbors told him that the poor children were kept by the parish, and the woman, who was paid to care for them, let them die of neglect and then kept the money and pretended they were still alive. So in all these things which she saw and learned Elizabeth Fry was gathering ideas for helping the poor and wicked people around her.

She was not the first Friend to think of prison re-

form. Stephen Grellet seems to have been the one who suggested it to her. When he told her some of the dreadful things which he had seen in Newgate prisons, she went with her sister-in-law Anna Buxton to make her first visit. On that occasion, to her own surprise, she felt that she must kneel in prayer, and the poor women knelt around her, some of them sobbing.

It was about three years from the time of this visit, in 1817, that the Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate was formed by her. When the sheriffs asked the women who had been the terror of the prison if they would submit to the rules of the Association, and were assured that they would, one of them turned to Elizabeth Fry and her companions and said, "Well, ladies, you see your materials!"

What good use they made of these "materials," all the world heard before many years. That they were the means of building them into useful happy lives is well proved by a letter to Elizabeth Fry from a woman who had been sent to New South Wales as a convict. She says, "I bless the day that brought me inside of Newgate walls, for there it was that the rays of Divine truth shone into my dark mind," which recalls the prophecy spoken years before by a Friend named Deborah Darby to Elizabeth Fry, that she should be made "a light to the blind."

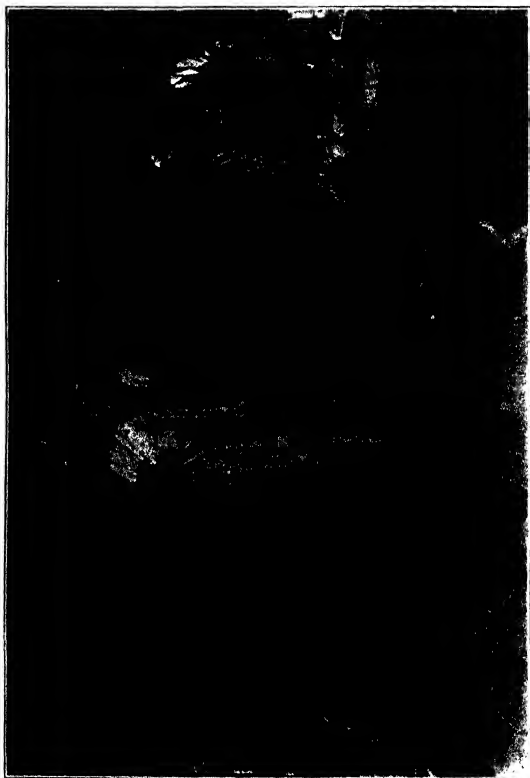
The plan of the Association was that not a rule should be made, or a monitor appointed but by a vote of the women themselves; for Elizabeth Fry

had learned that first principle of helping others,—showing them how to help themselves.

So well did the plan succeed with the “tried” prisoners, that in about six months after the work among them was started, and a school for their children begun, the prisoners who were awaiting trial asked to have the same chance for improvement for themselves too.

In order fully to understand how great a work this was, we must remember that the prisons of England at this time were very different from those of our own day. The women prisoners were crowded all together, and with them were their babies and little children who were too young to be left at home; and yet, of course, they could not be given any proper care in such a place as that. There was drinking, gambling, fighting and swearing constantly going on, and the Friends who first visited Newgate were told by the officers that they were themselves almost afraid to enter some of the wards. Fetters and chains were used, at times, and in a small room outside the wards, were “blunderbusses mounted on carriages.”

A French lady who visited Newgate at this time has told how she passed an almost sleepless night thinking of what she would see there on the morrow, and then describes her visit, with the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, and how they came into the room when Elizabeth Fry was reading the Bible to the women. They could not but feel, she says, that the way in which she ruled their spirits by love, was the



ELIZABETH FRY IN NEWGATE PRISON.

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only way to overcome "the evil spirit which had so long triumphed there."

As the work grew, Elizabeth Fry felt that more money was needed than she or her husband could give, but her relatives, especially her brothers, were most generous in helping her, and He who had called her to this work put it into the hearts of many to give of their time and strength and influence, as well as money, to help the cause.

One more interesting story of her prison work is chosen from the many which might be told. Elizabeth Fry heard that gaming (gambling) was still going on among some of the prisoners. Alone she went and gathered them together; she told them how she herself felt about the sin of it; the effect on the mind, the dislike it gave them for honest labor, and how grieved she was to hear this report of them. Then she said she would be so grateful if they would bring their cards to her. She did not really expect them to do this, but soon after she had retired to the ladies' room there was a gentle tap at the door, and in came a trembling girl, who, "in real sorrow gave up her pack of cards." She was followed by another, and another, until Elizabeth Fry had received five packs, which she burnt in their presence, assuring them that so far from remembering this against them, she would "remember it in another way."

At one time one of the prisoners said that, "it was more terrible to be brought up before Mrs. Fry than before the judges." So when Elizabeth Fry was giving evidence before the House of Commons, this

expression was repeated to her, and she replied, "I think I may say we have full power among them, though we use nothing but kindness."

After the work for prisoners was well under way, and Elizabeth Fry had answered some of the many inquiries about it,—for much interest was shown by the great people of England, and she received so much attention that she felt she must walk very carefully and humbly "in the fear of God rather than man,"—she turned her attention to the convict ships which took the prisoners, sentenced to transportation, on their voyages to the penal settlements.

It had been common to use open wagons for conveying these prisoners to the ships, with crowds of people following, and all alike "riotous and noisy." Elizabeth Fry asked the Governor to have them sent in "hackney coaches," and herself, in her own carriage, closed the procession, which soon became a quiet and orderly one.

The work of arranging the women into classes of twelve, with a monitor chosen by themselves, came next; and then the providing of employment for the long voyage, when one hundred and twenty-eight convicts, beside their children were often on board. The visitors were told that patch-work found a ready sale in New South Wales, so they made it known that they required small pieces of colored cotton cloth, and "in a few days enough were sent . . . to fully supply them with work, aided by some knitting." The convicts were allowed to sell what they made, and the money gave them a start in the new land.

It was a part of Elizabeth Fry's plan to see the vessel off, and an interesting account is given of the last time she went to have a farewell meeting with the convicts on board the prison ship *Maria*. Let us add this picture to the scenes in her life !

"She stood at the door of the cabin attended by her friends and the captain; the women on the quarter-deck, facing them. The sailors, anxious to see what was going on, climbed into the rigging. . . . The silence was profound, when Elizabeth Fry opened the Bible, and, in a clear audible voice read a portion from it . . . and, after a short pause, knelt on the deck and implored a blessing on this Christian charity. . . . Many of the women wept bitterly, all seemed touched; when she left the ship they followed her with their eyes and their blessing, until, her boat having passed within another tier of vessels, they could see her no more."

Perhaps these brief glimpses of the life of Elizabeth Fry have been enough to show us the secret of her power,—the reason why she was a blessing and a help to so many lives. All the "talents" committed to her, her beauty of face and form, her ability in teaching and planning for others, her charm of manner, her courage and perseverance,—all these she used, earnestly and willingly in her Master's service.

Her girlish faults she struggled to overcome; her doubts she settled by "proving all things," and "holding fast that which is good." She was sometimes weary, and worn with care, sometimes of a fearful heart; but this she confessed to her Heavenly Father,

saying, "*Thou only*, knowest my heart, and its many fears."

And when she lay dying, her last words, spoken in a slow distinct voice, were "Oh! my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!" No doubt she remembered then how many times she had been "helped" and "kept," and remembered too how it was said of her "dear Lord" that having loved his disciples that were in the world He "loved them unto the end."

Elizabeth Fry died in the year 1845, aged 66 years. The last days of her beautiful life were passed at Ramsgate, to receive the benefit of the sea air, and, when able, she enjoyed the beautiful views of the sea, and took a deep interest in the welfare of the seamen, and the emigrants, often driving in her carriage to the pier, to talk with them. When, in early Autumn, some foreign vessels were driven into the harbor by a storm, she had Bibles in their own language given the passengers, as well as "a good quantity of biscuits."

After her death, "all felt that they had sustained a public loss," and, from the town, and from the seamen of the coast-guard, came proposals for showing this feeling in some public way. Elizabeth Fry's family declined this. But the naval officers said, if the Queen had died, they should have lowered their flag half-mast until the funeral, "and they would do the same in honor of Mrs. Fry;" so it was done.

And the thousands of people on foot and in carri-

ages, who made up the immense funeral procession, were of one spirit; they felt they had "lost a friend."

So, truly, did another great and good woman, Hannah More, say of Elizabeth Fry, that her work was done "For His sake, in His name, and by His word, who went about doing good."



NICHOLAS WALN.
(From an old sketch.)

NICHOLAS WALN

(1742-1813)

“Cheer up, and rejoice, for the time is drawing nigh when everlasting joy will be assigned to those who have fought the good battle of faith, and have worn the cross with resignation and patience.”

Extract from a letter
of Nicholas Wals.

NICHOLAS WALN.

NICHOLAS WALN—THE LAWYER, THE CHRISTIAN.

Perhaps there is not a brighter Philadelphia boy walking the streets of "the city of brotherly love," and going to the good old William Penn Charter School to-day, than was young Nicholas Waln, who was doing these same things about the year 1750.

He was born at Fair Hill, near Philadelphia (between Germantown and Frankford) in 1742. When he was eight years old his father died, and soon after he entered the Penn Charter School, where we read that "he passed through the English departments, studied the mathematics, became a good Latin scholar, and, what was of far greater importance upon his after life, he was educated in the principles and doctrines of the Christian religion."

In later life Nicholas Waln used to say that these childish impressions of pure religion never quite left his heart, and that he believed they had kept him from yielding to many temptations.

We are not told just when he left school, but we read that it was "while yet a mere lad" that he began the study of law, for which he soon showed wonderful ability.

He delighted in gayety and merriment, and his wit was quick and keen, but he allowed nothing to

interfere with his studies. He gave a good deal of time to mastering the German language, and his fluent use of it, as well as his agreeable manner, made him popular as a lawyer with the German country people of his native State when he began to practise, and in the county courts, especially at Lancaster and Easton, he had much work during the time (about seven years) that he was active in his profession.

Before he was of age Nicholas Waln was admitted to practice in the courts, where, it is said, "he met with much encouragement." Perhaps it was of this time in his life that the following story is told:—

One day Nicholas Waln questioned keenly the justice of a charge from an elderly judge (who, it would seem, had been formerly his teacher), and the latter, amazed at his audacity, exclaimed, "Have I brought up a young crow to peck my eyes out?" Nicholas Waln quickly replied, "No, to open them!"

This clever young man was not without some weaknesses and temptations of his own, however, and too great a love of money seems to have been one of them.

His friend, Miers Fisher, who felt for him "the greatest veneration and reverence," could yet remember the time when he was "remarkable for his penuriousness." But he could also testify how the love of money and of fame was finally overcome by the love of his Saviour. For Nicholas Waln experienced what may be truly called "conversion"—an entire change of heart and life.

This change began about a year after his marriage, which took place at Friends' Meeting House on Pine Street, Philadelphia, in the Fifth Month, 1771. His wife was Sarah, the only child of Joseph Richardson, "who was through life a true helpmeet to him."

But at a time when his cup of earthly pleasure might seem most full—in the strength of his young manhood, happily married, wealthy, talented, honored in his profession—Nicholas Waln came under such a sense of sin that he said every day was to him "as a judgment day," when "everything that was covered up or past was revealed" to the heart-searching power of the Holy Spirit. Like George Fox, when he found no man who could speak to his condition, Nicholas Waln seemed to feel all earthly help and comfort taken away. He was so overwhelmed with sorrow that he could not attend to business or converse with business men.

In this state of mind he was kept until the day when he uttered that remarkable prayer in which his own heart seemed to melt and the hearts of his hearers with it. The story has been often told, but it bears retelling, and, as we always prefer to hear of remarkable events from those who have witnessed them, we will quote the account given by Joseph Oxley in his *Journal* (published in "*Friends' Library*," Vol. II., p. 474):—

"The 6th of Second Month, 1772, I was at the Youths' Meeting in Philadelphia, which was attended by some Friends from the country. At this meeting was Nicholas Waln, who had his education among

the Society, but was brought up to the law, and became great in his profession as a counsellor, and who had pleaded at court but a very few days before.

“He sat under an awful weighty exercise of mind from the early sitting down of the meeting, and removed his seat into the ministering Friends’ gallery. He appeared to be agitated, and trembled very much. After sitting about half an hour, he kneeled down and prayed, but his behavior and dress being so contrary to such an appearance caused Friends to be much divided, and made some disorder in the meeting, but afterward it settled, and ended to the edification of many.”

Joseph Oxley adds a few sentences telling of the change which followed in Nicholas Waln’s whole manner of life, and how, before his return to England, he went to visit the young Christian, and found him “solid and weighty,” and “since have heard well concerning him.”

The prayer has been kept for us in these words, which but faintly picture the spirit which made them so living and powerful:—

“Oh, Lord, arise, and let Thine enemies be scattered! Baptize me; dip me yet deeper in Jordan. Wash me in the laver of regeneration. Thou hast done much for me, and hast a right to expect much; therefore, in the presence of this congregation, I resign myself and all that I have, to Thee, oh, Lord! It is Thine, and I pray Thee, oh, Lord! to give me grace to continue in this resolution.

“Wherever Thou leadest me, oh, Lord, I will follow

Thee, if through persecution or even martyrdom. If my life is required, I will freely sacrifice it.

"Now I know that my Redeemer liveth, and the mountains of difficulty are removed! Hallelujah!

"Teach me to despise the shame and the opinions of the people of the world. Thou knowest, oh, Lord! my deep baptisms. I acknowledge my many sins and transgressions. I know my unworthiness of the many favors I have received, and I thank Thee, oh, Father! that Thou hast hid Thy mysteries from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes and sucklings." Amen.

When the meeting was over Nicholas Waln went at once to his home, and for several weeks lived very quietly, going out but little except to his place of worship. After a time he resumed his place among men, but he proved the sincerity and depth of the vows which he had publicly taken.

He gave up his practice as a lawyer, and never seems to have doubted that, for him, this was the right course. One day, during the latter part of his life, a young man came to his office and told him that he "had an offer to be trained as a lawyer without cost." Nicholas Waln simply answered, "I had an income of ten thousand a year—and quit it."

But we are not to think of Nicholas Waln as always bowed under a sense of sin, or as always giving up, at his Master's call, what had been dear to him.

Perhaps he is best remembered as one of those who

"Never deemed it sin to gladden
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh,"

and many an anecdote has been handed down to us, showing his quick wit and sense of humor. As we glance at the face, under the old-time cocked hat, in his portrait, we can well believe, as a Friend has written of him, "Humor at times sparkled in his light eyes, and the reflection of ludicrous thought often flashed, in changeful hues, over his countenance."

Of the many amusing stories told about him the following shows his charity as well as his humor:—

The large woodpile in his back yard seemed to be rapidly growing smaller, and the reason was a mystery; but Nicholas Waln concluded that one of his neighbors, on a back street, was making too free use of it. As he believed that the man was really needy, the next morning he went to the wharf, bought a load of wood, and directed that it should be delivered at his neighbor's door. The man soon appeared, and demanded the reason of the gift. "I did not want thee to break thy neck off my wood-pile!" was Nicholas Waln's reply.

It was the day of plain speech both in and out of meeting. A fellow-minister and family connection of Nicholas Waln had a drawling and melodious manner of speech, which sometimes grated upon his sensitive nerves, so that he once remarked audibly (at least to those seated near him), at the close of a long-drawn-out discourse, "I'm tired of this singsong!" To which the brother minister calmly returned, "And I'm tired of this chit-chat!"

Nicholas Waln's freedom of speech must have

Upper Gallery.

Centre figure Isaac Sharpless.

No. 1. Nicholas Wain of Philadelphia.

No. 2. Samuel Stow.

No. 3. Samuel Knien.

No. 4. Robert Lott.

No. 5. Dr. J. P. Mather.

Second Gallery—Men's side.

No. 1. Jos. Smith (banker).

below Isaac Sharpless, and next to women.

Lower Gallery.

Lettsom (with legs crossed).

Side bench, sitting high up on right.

Samuel Hoar (banker of Cunell, Hoar & Co.).

Side bench, sitting high up on left.

Grizzel Hoar, wife of Samuel (with dark dress).

Lower side bench, on left.

The three daughters of Samuel and Grizzel Hoar, the

middle one being Grizzel, wife of Wilson Birbeck, and

dark wife of William Allen. On her right Margaret,

who married Samuel Woods in 1769. On her left Sarah,

who married Joseph Bradshaw, and died in 1783.

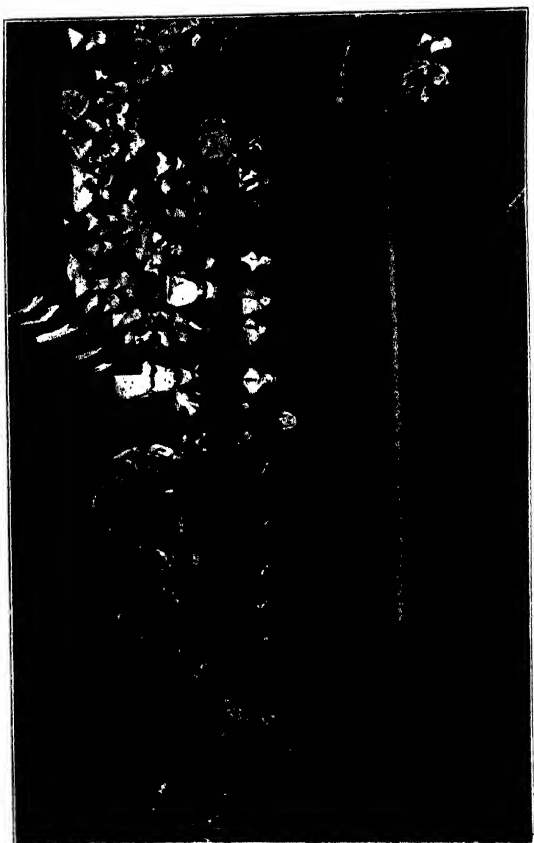
Second Gallery—Women's side.

Ann Christy, the little bent woman, generally called

Nanny Christy. Attire—white cast-overs, green apron,

green mittens.

This picture was sold in London early in the nineteenth century. The foregoing is from Biographical catalogue, London Friends' Institute, 1888.



GRACECHURCH STREET MEETING.
(From a very old English engraving.)

sometimes been rather embarrassing to sensitive people. A cousin to his wife, a young man from Delaware, was about to be married at the old Pine Street Meeting House, and, as his own father was not living, was glad to have Nicholas Waln act for him. But at "the passing" (then to be gone through with twice, and in person), when the ceremony was over in the women's meeting, and they were leaving it, the young man, following Nicholas Waln, finding that the door had not been properly latched, and, turning to secure it, was much abashed to have him ask aloud, "What, does thee want to go back in there?"

Nicholas Waln's ministry was often very powerful. At a Youths' Meeting held at Abington in 1797, such a solemnity followed his closing prayer that even after the Friends at the head of the gallery had shaken hands, in token that the meeting had closed, the stillness remained unbroken, and no one seemed willing to leave the room. At last Nicholas Waln spoke out, saying, "Under the solemn covering we are favored with, perhaps Friends had better separate."

A few young men near the door then rose, but, finding that no one followed their example, sat down again. Sweet silence followed until Richard Jordan, standing up, repeated the song which greeted our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem: "Hosanna! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" A few sentences followed, and then the meeting closed.

He visited most of the meetings in England (1783 to 1785), and ten years after went to Ireland, where there was much secret unbelief among Friends. At the "Province Meeting," at Mountmellick (1795), Nicholas Waln spoke openly of this, and said his mind was impressed with a belief that there was a spirit in that place which would divide and scatter Friends, drawing many who filled high stations into a disbelief in the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. As he honestly unfolded his view, it was a surprise to many who heard him, and some wished to have him publicly reproved. But William Savery, who was in the same place three years later, had his mind opened to the same unbelieving spirit, and he also faithfully labored against it. Later events proved that there was cause for this concern.

Nicholas Waln visited, as a minister, meetings in his own State, in Delaware and Maryland, attended the Yearly Meeting in New England and some others, besides laboring in England and Ireland. But it was mainly in and near Philadelphia that this work as a minister was done. He seldom made long religious visits, saying it "was better to go again—twice or thrice—than to overstay one's time."

The same powers of mind which had made the study of law such a delight to him were used to aid Friends in their difficulties in dealing with offenders against the discipline, especially at the time of the troubles with the "Free Quakers."

Yet he had a high ideal of the unity and harmony which should mark a religious society, and once wrote

that, though there might be a variety of opinions, "Yet as we dwell in love, and keep low, in a feeling state, we are sometimes favored with a sense of what is proper to be done, and so unite with the judgment of Truth; and which, when known, we dare not oppose." Perhaps this sentence defines what Friends mean by "love and unity" better than any other among their writings.

Nicholas Waln does not seem to have kept a journal, as so many of our elder Friends did. Some of his letters have been preserved; one to an aunt during his stay in London—when, as a young man, he crossed the ocean to finish his studies—we often see reprinted, and from it are quoted the words at the beginning of this chapter. Another, also from London, years later, to his wife, is kept in manuscript in an old scrap-book belonging to one of his wife's descendants. In this some account of religious exercises mingle with details of social life, and he speaks of some bodily ailments, and sends a message of love "to our children, for whom I often feel very anxious."

"The way to the Kingdom," he says in the same letter, "is through many tribulations, and I often fear that I shall not arrive there at all."

His strong personality was so impressed on the minds of those who knew him that, while we have so little from his own pen, we have many testimonies from others concerning him.

Oliver Paxson said, "As a great man, as a wise man, as a learned man, and as a rich man, I knew

none possessed of as much childlike humility and simplicity as Nicholas Wain ! ”

Others wrote of him, “ He was an original, being no man’s copy, and remarkable for independence of mind. . . . Faithful Friends, and even little children, loved him, but hypocrites feared him. . . . He possessed much of this world’s goods, but lived a life of self-denial.”

As old age came on, and he grew increasingly feeble, his friends thought that bodily weakness might excuse him from attending meetings, and one of them spoke to him kindly of it, telling him that he was not well enough to go to meeting. To which he replied that he “ would as lief die there as anywhere else ! ”

A short time before his death he said, with much emphasis, “ *To die is gain !* ” And so, having “ overcome,” to him was granted, we must believe, an “ abundant entrance ” into that Kingdom which, in his human weakness, he had feared he might never reach.

Nicholas Wain died on the 29th of Ninth Month, 1813, aged seventy-one years.



DANIEL WHEELER.

DANIEL WHEELER

(1771–1840)

*"And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the hour
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,
That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before him, might renew
Their strength with his unslumbering power,
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,
That nevermore thy aged lip
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word,—
Seals of thy true apostleship."*

J. G. Whittier.

DANIEL WHEELER.

A GLANCE AT HIS LIFE.

On an autumn afternoon in 1783 a messenger rode up to a boarding school in the south of England and made inquiry for a lad named Daniel Wheeler. He had come to take the lad home to the deathbed of his mother. This mother was warmly attached to the Church of England; she had been careful to train her children in the principles of religion, and had, by her careful life, been a good example to them; she knew that her death was near at hand, and her deep love for the little family of five, of whom the lad of twelve was the youngest, was affectionately returned by him.

The mother little dreamed of the life that was to open out before the little fellow who now stood weeping at her bedside. No vision was given her that he was to work first as an apprentice to a wine-merchant in his native city, London; then to follow the sea in a merchant-ship sailing to Spain; later, to find his home on board a man-of-war, open to such temptations as few occupations offer; that, later still, he was to join the army in Ireland, and thence to be transferred to the Continent, and afterward, in 1795, to join a regiment bound for the West Indies, and that on this trip the vessel in which he sailed was

to meet with heavy storms, and a great experience was to come to her boy. No glimpse was granted her that with this experience his sea-roving life was to be exchanged for something far better; that henceforth his life was to be a busy one devoted to the service of his Heavenly Master. First, upon his return from this trip to the West Indies, he was to settle with an elder sister; soon he was to marry, and begin, in a modest way, the life of a seed merchant in Sheffield. Then a farmer's life was to follow, and while engaged in this daily out-of-doors occupation there was to come to him a summons which he had learned to know, as clear and distinct as though spoken to the outward ear, that he was to go with his family to the inhospitable regions of North Russia, and work out for the Russian peasantry a plan of living which was to be a great blessing to them.

No hint or token was given her, either, of what the crowning service of his life was to be. How, after fourteen years had been spent in Russia—years full of joy because spent in doing his Master's bidding—he was to be found again in England preparing for a long and eventful missionary journey to the far-away islands of the sea. Four long years was he to travel among these strange people, and then to return to London, to feel that another journey lay before him—this time to cross the Atlantic. A second time was to come to his listening ear the call of duty to visit as a Gospel messenger Friends in America, and during this second visit, soon after arriving at New York, the life that

had been so richly blessed, and which had given so much to enrich other lives in portions of the globe far distant from each other, was to be ended.

We might search far and not find a character that presented greater contrasts than that of the careless, thoughtless lad in the London wine merchant's office and that of the man who, full of years, passed to his reward on a midsummer's night in 1840.

As we follow his story—much of which he has told us himself—we shall see that while a heedless, wicked lad, he came to see a better path to walk in, and, trusting in his Heavenly Father's love—which is sufficient, by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, to cover the darkest sins, if they are honestly repented of and forsaken—and following the guide within him, his life became a most useful one, having the whole earth for his home and the people of all nations for his brothers. We shall see, too, that just as soon as he gave himself up to do the things he felt he ought to do, the way was made plain enough for him to see, and step followed step until the whole life was completed. We shall see also that his life had its full share of pleasure; he found his chief joy in following in the paths pointed out to him by his Heavenly Father, and these ever led to a life of helpfulness.

With this, then, let us review more carefully the incidents of the life of the boy who came home from his boarding-school on this, the saddest of all sad errands—to reach the deathbed of his loving mother.

RECEIVES A SERIOUS LESSON.

Interest clusters chiefly about the two great events of his life—the fourteen years in Russia and the four years among the natives of the islands of the Pacific—but much that would be of great interest, had it happened to an ordinary man, belongs to other periods of his life. He was brought up as a child in the Established Church, and at the age of twelve, when left an orphan by the death of his mother, he soon drifted away from the paths she would have wished him to follow. His friends thought he had made a great advance when he left the wine merchant's office to follow the sea, but he soon found that a seafaring life presents temptations of its own, and he had not yet received that help which comes with the new life, and which protects its possessor from harm. In later life he often spoke to those about him of the grave dangers to which he was exposed, and always with feelings of deep gratitude that he was led away from them.

On his first voyage on a man-of-war he tells us of a wonderful escape from shipwreck, and in this account gives us a glimpse into his own heart. These are his words: "The dawn of the day discovered to us just in time the small island of Grasholm, towards which the vessel was drifting in a direct course and already within a short distance of the breakers. We were lying to at the time under two or three storm-sails; but there happily being room to wear clear of the rocky crags, the danger was soon left behind."

He further says: "Whilst in this ship, when about sixteen years of age, having been unwell, and probably led to reflect a little on that account, I was made sensible of a Divine visitation being extended to me." This is the first record we have of Daniel Wheeler feeling that the Spirit of God was dealing with him, but he did not heed it as he should have done. The lesson was neglected to his sorrow, and he had many harder ones to learn later on. He remained six years in the navy; he was separated from his family; he had neither parents, uncles, aunts nor cousins—none near of kin except his brother and sisters. The brother had left the country and Daniel never met with him again, and the sisters saw little or nothing of him. This is the period of Daniel Wheeler's life from which we would turn away except that it offers such a beautiful illustration of the effect of that Divine Grace which still visits the hearts of men even when they seem wrapped in sin. When the ship's crew was paid off Daniel Wheeler resolved to stay on shore. He had soon spent all the money he possessed, and had no one to go to for more. His life at sea had not helped him toward procuring a good position at some business, and we find him enlisting as a common soldier.

There were troubles in Ireland in 1792, and young Daniel, now just of age, was sent there. In Dublin he gave himself to much that was wicked, and says, in his journal, "I added sin to sin and made farther woful work for repentance," His regiment was soon transferred to Holland, and the hardships that fol-

lowed were such that those he had suffered before seemed light by comparison.

Years afterwards, when referring to these terrible days before Nimeguen, he said, "I became more and more affected with something of the cramp kind, which nearly prevented my standing upright. As the night drew on, it became colder, and my pain increased; but I kept going on as well as I could. Finally, I could go no further; I left the line, and was leaning against the wall of a house—no longer able to proceed, from increased illness. In this position I remained for some time, and after having painfully beheld the last of the rear of the regiment pass on and leave me behind, there seemed to be no hope left, as the only men in the world from whom I could expect a helping hand were all out of sight."

Can we draw a picture of greater loneliness?—friendless and alone in a strange country, the enemy close upon him, reduced to such misery that life had lost its every charm, yet this, his greatest extremity, was another of God's opportunities, and he was taken, with others, to a hospital. Terrible distress and disease followed this, as it follows every war, and Daniel Wheeler's constant exposure brought on an attack of fever. He became so ill that when the doctor went his rounds, he was heard to say, "He will not want anything long;" but the doctor did not know. He recovered, and in the autumn of the same year joined a regiment sailing for the West Indies.

THE STORM AT SEA.

It is to this voyage that we turn with special interest as affording the turning-point in Daniel Wheeler's life. Up to this time he had been thoughtless and, as he says himself, sinful, yielding to temptation and often searching for that which was bad. On the voyage to the West Indies the vessels encountered one of those hurricanes common to the waters of the tropics. Several of the ships were lost and many soldiers perished. Daniel Wheeler's vessel was the finest in the fleet and was overcrowded, many officers preferring the better accommodations which she afforded. Early one morning, before the severe storm had overtaken them, Daniel Wheeler and a friend stood on the deck of this man-of-war, when a common collier, one of the transport ships, came alongside. The two young men gained permission to transfer themselves to the freight boat, and, amid the jeers of the crew, they did so, not understanding themselves why they made this exchange from the noble ship in which they were to the poor coal boat. That very evening the hurricane struck them, and the vessel they had left was never heard of afterwards.

Later in life, when asked what outward means had been used to bring him to that knowledge of God and His kingdom of which his later years were so strong a witness, he said, "I remember when the Friends visited me on my application for membership, I told them I was convinced at sea; for I verily believed, in looking back, that this had been the case. It was altogether the immediate work of the Holy Spirit

upon my heart." Here in the stormy night on the Atlantic, came to Daniel Wheeler, in his twenty-fourth year, that prompting of the Spirit of Grace which had come to him so many times before and had been as often rejected; but this time the prompting was not unheeded, and his life at once gave evidence that a change had been wrought.

There were long years of labor before him; he knew not what those years might have in store. But though he lived to suffer hardships in far-distant lands and on stormy seas, among savages and heathen people, no trials comparable to those he met with on the battle-fields in Holland or with the regiment to the West Indies were as difficult to meet; for always at his side was the Unseen Friend who sticketh closer than a brother and who was to Daniel Wheeler, through all the remaining days of his life, a guide and a counsellor.

His first step was to quit the army. The following year he made application to become a member of the Society of Friends, for he felt that they most nearly represented, in doctrine and practice, the Apostolic Church. It is interesting to note here that Daniel Wheeler, before applying for membership, attended a little meeting at Woodhouse. These little meetings were most often held in silence, and in this silence the Lord's power was felt, and he owned it.

LEAVES THE SEA AND BECOMES A SEED MERCHANT.

It were worth our while to pause and reflect at the transformation wrought in this one life—from that of a soldier aboard a man-of-war to the career now

opening up before this young convinced Friend. It began in a very modest way. About this time Daniel Wheeler became a seed merchant; his trade was very small at first, and the contrast of the active life he had previously led to this daily routine of humble work behind his counter was great; but he followed it with cheerfulness, taking each day a short interval from it for reading the bible and for prayer, alert to do his duty by his family, but to keep his duty to his Heavenly Father first and above all else. It was at this time that he married, and six children followed to enrich the home, which was first in England and then in Russia. His business as a seed merchant proved good, and gave him an easy way of making his family comfortable; but after following it about twelve years—his health failing to some extent—he felt it right to give it up and live in the country.

After Daniel Wheeler's experience on shipboard the night of the hurricane, it seems always to have been his great desire to follow the calls of duty as they were revealed to him, and on this occasion, though the step he was taking seemed to his friends almost foolish, he himself felt it to be altogether right, and in the country life on the farm we may see that he was being trained for that service which for fourteen years he and his family were to give to the Russian government.

BECOMES A GOSPEL MINISTER.

Before taking up the story of his work in Russia, it will be well to have the picture of Daniel Wheeler's call to the ministry; for he was recorded as a gospel

minister in 1816, and in the following year his Russian experience began. Sitting in meeting one day, he was strongly impressed with that passage in Luke: "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." He could not remember that the passage came from the Bible, he felt that he ought to speak to the meeting from this text; but he allowed himself to reason the feeling away, and, in no little distress of mind, hastened home after meeting, and we can more easily imagine than describe the feelings he must have had when, upon opening his Bible, his eyes rested first upon that passage just referred to: "Were there not ten cleansed?" etc. He leaves it upon record that he was greatly distressed, and resolved that, with God's help, he would never again do violence to so plain a call of duty, and through the years of varied service that followed he often gave proof that he kept close to his Guide.

FOURTEEN YEARS A RUSSIAN FARMER.

Of the many great events in the life of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, one not the least was the founding, on the marshy banks of the Neva, the new capital of the great empire, St. Petersburg. In 1703 he founded the city, and in 1712 declared it the capital of all the Russias. Almost a century later his successor, Alexander I., following the example of his great-great-grandfather, visited England, though not in disguise. Among the many things that interested

him was the Friends' Meeting he attended at Westminster and the farm he visited on the road to Brighton, which was owned and managed by a Friend.

The visit happened in this way, and was not the result of an idle whim or mere curiosity on the part of the young emperor: When, in 1814, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia together visited London, Friends appointed a committee to visit them with an address prepared by the Meeting. William Allen was at the time Clerk of London Yearly Meeting; he and another Friend were appointed to deliver the paper to the emperor. They called on the Russian ambassador, to find that the emperor expected to leave England the following day, so that whatever was to be done must be done at once. The count further told them that it was the emperor's earnest wish to attend a Friends' Meeting. William Allen was much puzzled to know what to do. He wrote of it: "My mind was much exercised for the honor of Truth, and my secret petitions were put up to the alone Source of Divine Help." William Allen was a man of unusual common sense; he knew that the only chance for the emperor to attend a Friends' Meeting on that visit was to go at once to Westminster; he knew, too, that it must be done without the knowledge of the people of the city. He and the count went at once to the emperor's quarters, and the party drove to Westminster meeting to find it already gathered in silence. Not a member of the meeting expected these visitors, and we cannot wonder at their surprise upon seeing plain William

Allen enter with Count Lieven leaning on his arm, dressed in full regimentals, gold epaulettes, stars, crosses, large hat and feathers, sword, &c., followed by the Emperor, his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, the young Duke, and the Duke of Wurtemberg. They were led to the front of the meeting and there given seats, and the meeting continued in its serious stillness until a Friend arose and spoke, followed by John Wilkinson, another minister. The meeting closed, the Emperor and his friends shook hands with those around them and passing down the aisle, greeting all they could, resumed their seats in the carriages and drove back to their apartments to have the desired interview with the Committee.

The Emperor limited the size of the Committee to three, Stephen Grellet, "the person who spoke second at the meeting," who was John Wilkinson, and William Allen. There were present but the Emperor and these three Friends who stood around him for the full hour the interview lasted; the conversation was carried on in English. Upon parting, the Emperor took the hand of each of the three in turn, thanked them and said, "When you come to St. Petersburg on religious visits come direct to me, you need no introduction, I part from you as from friends and brethren." It reminds us of Cromwell's farewell to George Fox, when holding his hand he said, "Come again to my house; if thou and I were but an hour of a day together we should be the nearer the one to the other."

St. Petersburg is built upon marshes. The fact



CUTTING ICE ON THE NEVA RIVER, RUSSIA.

that three successive piles of great length had to be driven one upon another before foundations could be secured to hold the great bridge across the Neva attests this, and before one stone in the walls of the great structure of St. Isaac appeared above ground, four ~~millions of~~ dollars were used in preparing the foundations, and this too when the rate of wages was low. It was not to such work as this that Daniel Wheeler was called, but it was to redeem such land as this from swamps and morasses to good tillable soil. This he did, for when the fourteen years were past, instead of the swamp land adjacent to certain sections of the city, were 5,700 acres of land formerly barren, now all drained, and the larger part of it brought into full cultivation. Emperor Alexander having decided to drain and cultivate these marshes, gave orders to inquire in England for a person to superintend the work, and if possible to select a member of the Society of Friends. Daniel Wheeler hearing of this, offered himself at once and was accepted. His first visit to St. Petersburg was without his family. He had an interview with Alexander, who agreed to all his plans, which were not a few, was most generous in anticipating his requests, and expressed great interest in the principles of the Society of Friends. Daniel Wheeler returned to England for his family. His farewell to the Emperor on this occasion offers a striking picture. Says Daniel Wheeler, "My last words were the expression of a desire that attended my mind 'that when time should rob thee of thy earthly crown, an inheritance incor-

ruptible and undefiled—a crown immortal may be thy happy portion.’ He held my hand fast in his for some time and did not utter another word.” What this plan involved for the Wheeler household one cannot appreciate unless he has had a similar experience himself. They were going not to visit ~~but~~ to have their home among a people who knew not their language nor their ways, to a climate where the winters were long and dreary, the thermometer standing often at — 38°, the summers short and intensely hot, to be thrown almost entirely upon their own little family for entertainment and recreation, no friends to visit them, just the round of daily life, and that amid scenes that were uninteresting. Before giving a picture of the Wheeler family in their new Russian home, it is appropriate to hear Daniel Wheeler’s farewell to the Friends of his own meeting.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

He had been but two years a recorded minister among them, but he had gained a warm place in the hearts of all, and they were doubtless touched and their best feelings stirred by his recital of this in their meeting. He said,—“Nearly four years ago, in the vision of that light in which I believe, it was clearly manifested that it would be right for me to remove with my dear family to that land [Russia] . . . I am weak and frail; yet in me you behold a monument of His everlasting mercy. He has kept me from the devouring sword; He has preserved me from the raging pestilence, when thousands have

fallen by my side ; He kept me alive in famine ; He saved me from shipwreck when the deep was ready to overwhelm me, and the briny waves to swallow me up ; but above all He has showed me his marvellous Truth. To His Grace, which is able to keep and preserve you alive in the most holy faith, I commend you, together with myself and my dear family, all that go and all that stay, and in the love of the everlasting gospel, I salute you and affectionately bid you farewell."

THE LIFE AT OKTA.

It was almost midsummer of 1818 when the Wheeler family, father, mother, four brothers, two sisters, their tutor and two English servants with their families, reached Cronstadt, the port of St. Petersburg. The King of Prussia was at the time on a visit to the Czar and a great military display was the first thing to greet our English Friends. The two rulers in a boat with twenty rowers inspected the fleet, and as they passed were saluted by all the cannon with which it was surrounded. One of the younger members wrote to a friend at home, "This was a new scene to most of us and we had a fine opportunity of watching the manœuvres from the mast-head, as we were just in the midst of the firing." The next day they proceeded up the river, and a mile and a half from its shore found the well-appointed house of a count placed at their disposal. It was close to the village of Okta, was built of brick, three stories high and contained twenty-four rooms.

Reserving one large room as a meeting-room, the first floor was given, according to Russian custom, to the servants and their families, and the upper floors were for the Wheeler family. The outlook from the windows that summer day was not desolate, the Neva was in plain sight, and many barges ~~laden~~ with all manner of freight floated down the river from the estates far inland, for this was the northern terminus of a waterway two thousand miles long extending to the southeast corner of Russia in Europe.

Little could be done the first summer toward advancing the work Daniel Wheeler came to do, but they were busy with plans for the following season and in preparing for the long winter. The land was spongy, covered with a white moss to the depth of a foot and a half, and beneath this were the roots and logs of an old forest. It would be necessary first to drain the marshes by digging great ditches around them and intersecting smaller drains opening into these larger ones; then the moss had to be cut out and left to dry, and afterwards heaped up in long high piles, and finally the buried roots and tree trunks must be gotten out. Nothing but hand labor could accomplish the work; three hundred or more men from the Russian army were ordered to Okta to work under Daniel Wheeler. Their accommodations were simple; long shelves six feet wide were fixed for beds along the sides of a great wooden building, planks upon trestles served for tables, and black bread and onions were their chief food. Their wages were less than ten cents a day until Daniel Wheeler tried the

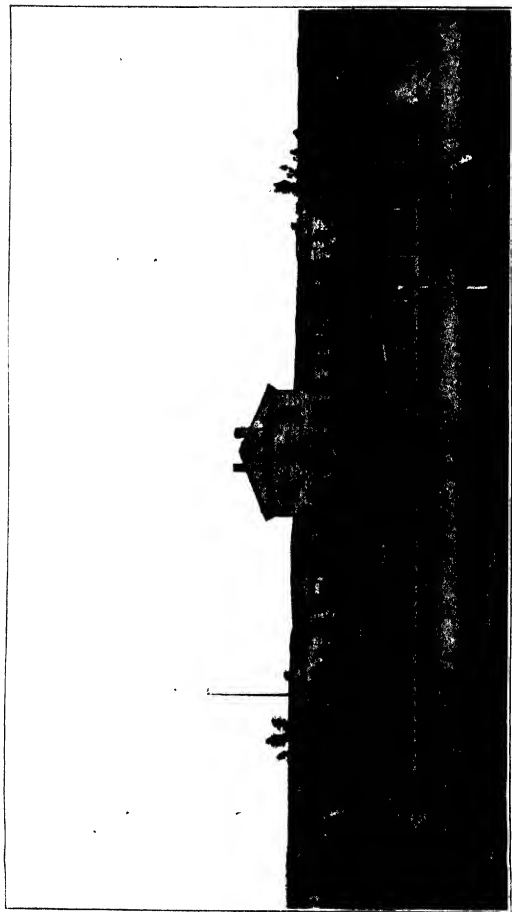
plan of paying extra for extra work done, and in this way he taught the Russian peasants an important lesson. After explaining his plan to them they seemed astonished at what he said, but the next day they worked with more zeal than before, and long before ~~the usual~~ time their tasks were finished. Many, because they were idle and lazy, stopped to loaf the balance of the day, but a few continued to dig and at night their work was measured off and they paid the extra wages. They were surprised and made this simple comment, "Why this man does as he says he will!"

A RUSSIAN WINTER.

But winter comes early in North Russia, and hardly a start had been made when the soldiers had to stop work. They returned to their headquarters, and the Wheeler family settled down for the first of their fourteen long Russian winters. Before this, however, the Emperor made Daniel Wheeler a visit; a letter to English Friends thus speaks of it, "He came in so simple a style that no one could have taken him for an Emperor. It was in a small carriage drawn by only two horses, with no other attendant than the coachman he had with him in England. He proposed to look around at the work and Daniel Wheeler said he would accompany him in his own droshky which was in readiness,—that is a small low carriage used here, sometimes having one seat and sometimes two. 'But you can go with me,' replied Alexander, 'my carriage has two seats.' He

understands English better than he speaks it, and we had even less knowledge of French. However, he was able to tell us of the Friends' Meeting he had attended in London, saying, 'it was there I made the acquaintance of Grellet and Allen,' adding, 'you have indeed done a great deal of work, Mr. Wheeler.'"

The Wheelers' first winter in Russia was always remembered by them as a mild one. It brought trouble that they had not expected, for the ground not being covered with its usual winter mantel of snow, sledging was often impossible and at the best very poor, the roads were in places so worn into deep holes that it was common for persons to be made sea-sick on their overland journeys, also the great "Frozen Market" could not be held at the usual time. For weeks before the day called Christmas great sledge loads of produce, cattle, pigs and poultry (not salted but frozen) were brought down from the interior country, and the week preceding the holiday, families in the city would buy a stock of provisions to last them the winter season through. The many succeeding winters while the Wheelers were in Russia they found sleighing enough. The sledges are rough but strong; gay blankets and furs are numerous, and a sledge ride of many miles suggests comfort, almost luxury. The best sledges are usually drawn by one horse harnessed to the shafts and two others outside them, trained to travel gracefully along on either side as ornaments rather than aids. These Russian horses are well fed and groomed, and thoroughly trained, always carrying the head bent



SHOOSHARRY.
(Residence of Daniel Wheeler in Russia.)

away from the shaft horse, in a graceful curve. The middle horse, the worker, has his head held high by a rein and all three have long sweeping tails. With such an outfit the young Wheelers made many a journey and shortened the tedium of the long winters.

THE SHOOSHARRY HOME.

After eight years at Okta, part of the family moved to a much larger tract of land which was included in the Emperor's plans of work. In the course of time the whole of the Okta farm was divided into small tracts and let out to the peasants. The last large section of marsh land that Daniel Wheeler and his boys attempted to reclaim was called Shoosharry. It was here they lived when Daniel Wheeler felt called to his service in the Pacific, the whole period of their life at Shoosharry covering six years. A little enclosure on the west of the Shoosharry tract is marked by two low mounds, the last resting place of two members of this interesting family.

HIS LONG JOURNEY TO THE ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

Daniel Wheeler's service in Russia being now completed, and having made arrangements which were satisfactory to the Emperor and his advisers for his eldest son William to succeed him, he bade farewell to Shoosharry. Again had come a call to him from that Source which he could not question, and putting aside all personal wishes he yielded to it. While still in Russia he felt that he would be called

to visit the Islands of the Pacific, and now that he could no longer doubt the message, he asked the advice of his friends and in due time gained their approval and help. To us of this day it would seem no small undertaking for one past his threescore years to engage in a work so vast and so full of difficulty, but at that time the difficulties presented were much greater. There were no steamers and no railways, few comforts of ocean travel, and the path he was to follow across the sea had not been travelled as it has been since by hundreds and thousands of missionaries. He was to be one of the pioneer visitors to these far away people, but, nothing daunted, trusting that He who had called him would direct his every step, he faced the preparation with courage and hopefulness. To add to his anxiety of mind, word came from the family still in Russia that four of them were ill with the fever. Daniel Wheeler was himself confined to his bed at the time and unable to go to his family, and before he had recovered word reached him that his wife had passed away after a week's illness. His son Charles now wrote him that he would be his companion on his long voyage and the welcome news cheered the father's heart.

Friends in England provided for him a little sailing vessel, the *Henry Freeling*. She was manned by a temperance crew, and in this ship of only one hundred tons register the father and son made their journey around the Cape of Good Hope to Australia, and thence to the Islands beyond. Four years the *Henry Freeling* was their home, until, reaching New South-

Wales on the homeward trip, they sold the vessel and her stores, as had been previously arranged; there were still gospel visits to be paid, but these could be made in other vessels.

A STORM ON THE ATLANTIC.

These four years were crowded with incidents of no ordinary interest both on sea and land. Daniel Wheeler having followed the sea for many years when a young man, writes of them in a style which only a seafaring man can command. It had been their original idea to reach the Pacific Ocean by rounding the southern end of America, but the weather did not favor and it was decided to round the Cape of Good Hope. For days together they encountered terrific storms as they reached the southern waters of the Atlantic. Of one night he tells us, "As the night advanced the storm increased with awful violence; the strength of the wind was incredible and the lightning vivid; with a fall of rain and sleet, the sea broke over our little ship in an alarming manner. The poor men were lashed upon the deck with ropes, to prevent their being washed away, benumbed with cold and at times floating with the vast load of water upon the deck, their sufferings are not easy to describe. In the darkest part of the night, a distinct luminous appearance or glow of light remained at our mast-head, a phenomenon only seen in dreadful weather, when the atmosphere is highly charged with electricity. I think such an appearance is mentioned in John Churchman's journal or that of

some other worthy. The countenances of our men were considerably whitened this morning by the great quantity of salt which, having been deposited by the constant wash of the sea, had dried upon their faces."

For days they struggled against wind and water, sometimes losing more in one day than they had made in the two days previous. Daniel Wheeler was ever full of confidence and hope, and his spirit often cheered the sailors. At one time, when the storm was very boisterous and the waves were nearly swamping the little boat so that she seemed unable to hold together, a strange thing happened. It was early in the day and Daniel Wheeler was at his breakfast. He tells the story for us:—"While at breakfast one of the men called down to inform us that there was a sight worth looking at on deck; it was a large collection of a species of whale close by the ship. I thought I should like to see them; there were perhaps more than two hundred of these animals close to us, each about twelve feet long. The man at the helm said that they served as a breakwater for us; they occupied a considerable portion of the surface of the sea in the exact direction between the vessel and the wind and waves, reaching so near to us that some of them might have been struck with a harpoon; they remained constantly swimming in gentle and steady order as if to maintain the position of a regular phalanx, and I suggested that nothing should be done to frighten them away. It was openly remarked by some that not one sea had broken on



HOBART TOWN, VAN DIEMENS LAND.

board while they occupied their useful post; and when they at last retired it was perceived that the waves did not rage with the same violence as before they came to our relief. I give this wonderful circumstance just as it occurred; and if any should be disposed to view it as a thing of chance, I do not, for I believe it to be one of the great and marvellous works of the Lord God Almighty."

At one place in his diary Daniel Wheeler records that "they are now ten weeks since leaving the shores of Brazil and are yet three thousand miles from their desired haven." Storm followed storm; toward evening of a certain day the sea increased in such a dreadful manner that he could not describe the horrors of the scene; the wind blew a hurricane, and with almost no canvas set the little vessel struggled against the angry sea, which seemed likely to tear her to pieces with the intense pressure against which she battled for hours.

LAND AT LAST SIGHTED.

After well nigh four months of such experiences as these, Van Diemen's land was sighted and here at Hobart Town they anchored. Daniel Wheeler was rejoiced to meet with two Friends from old England who were also on a missionary journey. They held meetings together both here and in New South Wales, and the *Henry Freeling* having been put again in good repair, Daniel Wheeler and his crew proceeded. From the first he had felt that the Society Islands were the ones to which he was especi-

ally called and he was only diverted from his course around Cape Horn by the stormy seas that he encountered. After eleven weeks on the South Pacific, meeting many gales and contrary winds, they at last sighted the mountains of the long-looked-for Tahiti. Natives met them in canoes, bringing oranges, guavas, and other kinds of fruit; these were purchased after much bargaining for a hank of thread and three small needles to each individual. "To my great rejoicing," Daniel Wheeler says, "the pilot soon after coming on board informed us of the entire disuse of ardent spirits in Tahiti, saying, 'rum is no good here.' The total prohibition of spirituous liquors has been so strongly enforced that they have taken them out of private houses without exception and thrown them away, and the natives have carried it to the length of smelling the breath of people to find whether they have been used, and if they have, a heavy fine is imposed." Would that such could have been his experience wherever he stopped, but instead, many times did he have to lament at the sorrow which strong drink had produced among these ignorant people. On one visit a chief was heard to say that he hoped "Daniel Wheeler would go to Britain and beg the people to have mercy on them, and then go to America and beg the people there also to have mercy on them, because it was these countries that sent the poison (strong drink) among them."

Daniel Wheeler was kindly received wherever he went; often he spoke to large companies of a thousand

people or more, through the assistance of an interpreter. He never threw aside or belittled those testimonies which as a Friend he felt it right for him to bear, but he so presented them as to win only the love and respect of the people whom he met. ~~His~~ messages were clear and simple; he usually sat through the regular meetings of the natives and then had the opportunity to speak, pointing the people to their Saviour who had died to redeem them from their sins, who was still present by his Holy Spirit in their hearts to guide them into all truth, and who would not be satisfied by mere outward performances but asked for obedience of their hearts and lives. Many times Daniel Wheeler asked these natives if they had not felt something within themselves which reminded them of sins that had been committed long before, things that they would have been glad to forget. He asked if they had not had this feeling long before they had ever seen the face or heard the voice of a missionary, and the answer was yes, *that* they had long enough ago, Daniel Wheeler says, "proving to me a fact that I had never doubted. I told them that that which may be known of God is manifest in themselves. 'He hath showed thee, O! man, what is good.'"

Among the last acts that occurred before he left the Islands was the Queen's ordering that no tax be collected for the anchorage of the *Henry Freeling*, for, said she, "I do away with the money for the anchoring of the vessel. This is the reason I do away with it, because thine is a visit of love and not a trading voyage."

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS—HIS GOAL.

Leaving the Society Islands Daniel Wheeler crossed the Equator and visited in turn the Hervey and the Friendly Islands, thence to New Zealand, Tasmania and home. At one of the Friendly Islands he and his son were allowed to go ashore to visit the Chief, but their missionary companion was not allowed, so they went alone and, of course, unarmed. They learned afterwards that behind a wooden fence a score of muskets were leveled at them, but no harm came. The chief was friendly and sent for the missionary that he might understand Daniel Wheeler's words, and after hearing him told him he was glad he had come. It was at Raratonga, one of the Hervey groups, that Daniel Wheeler, among several letters from the natives, received one which literally translated is as follows; the person who wrote it, a boy of sixteen, was called Tekori, "This is my speech to you Daniel Wheeler, read it, that you may know how great is our joy in seeing your face and in knowing your speech of God's great kindness to you. Attend. I will relate to you the coming of God's word to us. We were heathens formerly, we did not know the living God, Jehovah. At that time the devil was our God; we worshipped him and did that which is agreeable to his will—that was our condition formerly. Daniel Wheeler, attend. Then arrived the season in which the word of the Great God came to us and the word of God came to us in that season. Still listen. God sent his servants to us to inform us of the true way. Then the light sprang

up in the midst of us. The word spoken by Isaiah the prophet was then fulfilled ' Arise, shine, for the light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.' . . . The children know the word of God. Pitman taught us unweariedly and in this likewise behold the word of God to us. Our friend and brother Daniel Wheeler, I think of the kindness of God in carrying you from your land, from Britain. You have been directed by God to this land and that land; we will pray to God that He may safely conduct you to the land whither you wish to go and that he may carry you safely to your own land. Friend, now go; we have met, you have seen our face in Raratonga, and we have seen your face. Observe, one thing yet remains. When we shall be assembled with the word of God, of the blessed in that world of joy, the good people of Britain will know those of Raratonga and the good people of Raratonga will know those of Britain; and then will be known the true state of that land and this land. This is a little speech of compassion toward you; may you be preserved in your voyaging. And now may the Grace of God be granted to us,—even so, Amen. From Tekori; this is all I have to say."

HIS FAREWELL TO THE ISLANDERS.

With no feelings of pride, but with a humble trust that he had followed as his Master led, this good man left the islands whose natives had come to love him as a brother. He says, as the boat drifted out of sight from the last of the many islands he had

visited, "We waved to each other while our movements could be seen in the twilight and I believe we parted with sincere regret on both sides. If I mistake not we can mutually say, 'though lost to sight, to memory dear.'"

Finally, after almost five years had passed since their setting out from London, the father and son reached their native land again.

From London Daniel Wheeler made two religious visits to America, attending meetings in and near Philadelphia, in Virginia, New England, Ohio and New York. While in New York city he was taken seriously ill, and though tenderly cared for at the home of a Friend, he died on the thirteenth day of the Sixth Month, in the year 1840.

"And, if the brightest diadem,
Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn
Many to righteousness,—
May we not think of thee as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand ;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever !"

—J. G. Whittier.



STEPHEN GÆLLET.

STEPHEN GRELLET

(1773–1855)

"O that the lengthening of my life may also be the enlargement of my heart to serve, adore, and glorify my Redeemer! Amen. So be it. Amidst the fiery trials only be His holy name honored in life and in death; no matter of what nature or how deep our sufferings, if they forward the purification of our souls and tend to the glory of God, then, under these, we may join our worthy ancient Friend George Fox in saying: 'Never mind, friends, the Lord's power is over all.'"

Memoirs of Stephen Grellet.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

2 Timothy iv. : 7, 8.

STEPHEN GRELLET.

EARLY LIFE.

About three years after the Declaration of Independence first made our country a nation by itself, there was a little French boy six years old, living over in France, who was one day trying to study his lessons. They were too long and too hard for him; for he was beginning to study Latin, and as is so often the case, his mind wandered hopelessly away from his work. To us it would seem hard to set a child of six to studying Latin; but in Europe they begin languages earlier than in our country, and besides, this boy was a very able child and belonged to a highly educated family. He was alone in his room, and entirely discouraged by the difficulty of this Latin lesson. As his eyes wandered out of the window and he saw the beauty of the outer world, the trees and clouds and glorious sunlight, he thought, "God made all these things; and is he not just as able to give me a good memory, and help me to get my lesson?" So he knelt down by his bed and earnestly prayed his Heavenly Father to help him do the task assigned him. Very soon he thought he could see that his prayer was answered; for on going over the lesson again, he found he understood it entirely, and was soon master of it. From that day study was always easier to him.

This boy was Stephen Grellet, who afterwards became, we may with reason say, one of the greatest ministers of the Society of Friends since the days of George Fox.

At that time his parents were persons of great wealth and high social standing, associated with the nobility of France. His father owned some famous porcelain factories at Limoges; in fact he made the famous Limoges porcelain ware, and a noble title was given him by the King for the service rendered his country in these manufactures; he also became an intimate friend and counsellor of the King. This was the ill-fated King Louis the Sixteenth, who with his beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette, suffered death by guillotine at the hands of the Terrorists of the French Revolution, fifteen or twenty years later.

Stephen was sent to one of the higher schools or colleges at Lyons till he was about seventeen. Here he tells us he had a strange dream which must have influenced his religious life considerably at that time.

"I thought I saw a large company of persons, or rather purified spirits, on one of those floating vessels which they have at Lyons, on the Rhone, occupied by washer-women. They were washing linen. I wondered to see what beating and pounding there was upon it, but how beautifully white it came out of their hands. I was told I could not enter God's kingdom until I underwent such an operation,—that unless I was thus washed and made white, I could have no part in the dear Son of God. For weeks I was absorbed in the consideration of the subject,—the

washing of regeneration. I had never heard of such things before."

Some years later the French Revolution broke out, in which the masses of the common people of France rose against the King and nobility. The wealth and estates of Stephen Grellet's parents, who belonged with this royal party, were confiscated, and they were thrown into prison. Stephen and his brothers escaped to join the royal army, and prepared to fight against the revolutionists. He tells how, on the way, he was one day surrounded in the city streets by a crowd and some soldiers of their enemies, who threatened to hang him on a lamp-post, as being one of the royal party. "I coolly stood by," he said,—“my hands in my pockets,—being provided with three pairs of pistols, two of which were double-barrelled. I concluded to wait to see what they would do, and resolved after destroying as many of them as I could, to take my own life with the last."

He however escaped without violence from his dangerous situation. The army to which he belonged took the field the year before the King was beheaded (1792). He was a member of the King's Horse Guards, which was mostly made up of the nobility; and with them he endured many hardships, sometimes being in want of food, and for weeks sleeping unsheltered on the bare ground. He was present at several battles, and saw many men shot down; but being in a reserve corps, was never actually called upon to fight. He was thus thankful to say in after

years that he had never killed a man, or even shed human blood; for he never actually fought with a sword or fired a gun in battle. A little later, however, he and his brothers were taken prisoners of war, and were themselves sentenced to be shot; every moment expecting the fatal order to be given, they heard some commotion in the camp one day, and in the disorder were able to make their escape. They fled into Holland.

Now, though home and parents and country were all lost to them, yet the whole world lay before them, and the question must be answered where to go. Stephen and one brother decided on South America, and, taking ship, arrived in Demerara, a colony of Holland, in the same year and month in which King Louis gave up his life on the scaffold (1793). It was here on the coast of South America, while engaged in money-making for two years, that Stephen Grellet got his first impressions of the evils of slavery. He saw the negroes with their "backs covered with large scars left by the lash of the whip; and some, still bleeding under strokes recently inflicted, had cayenne pepper and salt rubbed into their wounds to increase their suffering. For many years after, the sound of a whip in the street would chill his blood, as he remembered the agony of the poor slaves." The colony, as a whole, was a place of dreadful wickedness, and entirely without religion. But Stephen Grellet himself was at this time in a state of irreligion and infidelity,—“calling good evil, and evil good.”

CONVINCEMENT. LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.

A rumor reached Demerara that a French fleet was coming to take possession of that colony. The Reign of Terror was now fully under way in France, and the brothers, fearing the same cruelties, and knowing that they would be marked men, resolved to escape to some other country. They therefore took ship for the United States, the refuge of so many who suffer from persecution or oppression; and after some narrow escapes from a privateer and from shipwreck, they arrived in New York, and before long went to live in Long Island. Wherever they went, being known as refugees from the nobility of France, they naturally sought and became acquainted with the best people. At one time, talking with the daughter of an English army officer, they were discussing William Penn as a well-known statesman and political leader, and the young lady lent Stephen a copy of Penn's works. This seems to have been his first knowledge of Friends; but being then a professed infidel, he did not relish the religious tenor of the great Quaker's writings and put the book aside. But the time of his conversion was at hand.

One evening, as he was walking alone in the fields, not thinking of any serious subject, he was suddenly brought to a stand by what seemed an awful voice proclaiming the words, "ETERNITY!—ETERNITY!—ETERNITY!" It struck him to the very soul, and even brought him down to the ground. The gulf of everlasting destruction seemed to yawn before him,

and he in danger of falling into it. He was made to cry out bitterly, "If there is no God, doubtless there is a hell." For now he seemed to be in the midst of its torment. For a long time it seemed as if the thundering proclamation of that awful voice was yet sounding in his ears.

The whole of this dreadful experience was of course not an outward one, but an experience of the soul, caused by the Spirit of God convicting him of his sin and unbelief. The result of it was that for a period he spent almost whole days and nights praying to God to have mercy on him and to save him. He now took up William Penn's works again, and read his "*No Cross, No Crown*" through twice, although as he was still unfamiliar with English, he had to look up almost every word in the dictionary. He had never met with anything like it before; the very title touched his heart. He began to keep very much alone, and read his Bible also with help of the dictionary. How different the habits of his former life had been is shown by the remark that so far as he remembered, he had never before seen the Bible. It was soon after this that he was invited to attend a Friends' Meeting for the first time. Settling down into the solemn silence he became engaged in a secret inward seeking for the Divine Presence, in which his heart was soon deeply touched with a secret joy that filled him, because at last he had found the Lord after whom his soul had longed. He was so absorbed that he "was like one nailed to his seat;" he scarcely heard the ministers when they spoke. On going

home these powerful impressions were repeated, by one of the ministers at the house addressing him in person. He says, "Oh, what sweetness did I then feel! I was like one introduced into a new world; the creation and all things around me bore a different aspect, my heart glowed with love to all."

At another meeting not long after, he was overwhelmed with the thought of his sins; but he saw that Jesus Christ is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and on earnestly praying in secret, the words seemed to be spoken in his heart, "Thy sins are forgiven; thy iniquities are pardoned;" upon which he wept for joy and gratitude; then he seemed to hear the words, "Proclaim to others what the Lord has done for thy soul," and he began to feel that he was to become a minister of the Truth. The meeting concluded and the people went out, but he did not notice it, till his brother, speaking to him, drew his attention, and he saw that they two were left alone.

We cannot trace all the beautiful thoughts, the joy, and at times the discouragement, that he met with in his new-found Christian life. Before long he moved to Philadelphia, seeking employment, and there attended North Meeting, where at last he found courage to speak in one of the meetings. As he could scarcely speak English so as to be understood, this must have been a very brief and broken communication; but Friends spoke kindly to him about it, and he felt encouraged to continue to speak for his Master. Before long he applied for membership in

the Society and was received. It is interesting to notice what was the first religious work of a man who was afterwards so greatly favored as a minister; he asked permission of Friends to go and distribute tracts and testaments among poorer families in the regions of Tuckerton and Barnegat, New Jersey, and "in the pines." "Most of them received us and our books," he says, "with tears of gratitude." After this, and about two years after he first spoke in a religious meeting, Stephen Grellet was recorded as a minister. He was at that time twenty-four years of age.

We have now traced the chief events of what may be called the formative period of Stephen Grellet's life. We see that an extraordinary variety of experiences in early life prepared the way for extraordinary service in later years. His birth on the continent of Europe made it not unnatural that he should return thither in his ministry, for the exercise of which, in that part of the world, he was better fitted than any other. His early acquaintance with noble and distinguished persons made it natural for him to seek out leaders of European affairs in pursuing his ministry, as we shall see he did in a marked degree, and rendered it easier for him to stand before princes and kings to declare the truth. His acquaintance with the Catholic religion, with the French language, —then the great court language of Europe,—even his military experience, all made it easy for him to enter into and understand the conditions of those to whom he was sent. At the same time the humilia-

tion of his family, and his own straitened circumstances, gave him sympathy for the poor and unfortunate also ; and he was well able to endure hardships in rougher regions when required so to do, as we shall soon see.

The business he had chosen in Philadelphia was to teach French. He had offers to enter lucrative commercial life, but believed his Heavenly Father guided him to simpler living. At the same time he must earn money, not only to support himself, but also to help his unfortunate parents in France. A letter from his mother told him how the revolutionists had stripped them of everything they had, even the food in their home, and had allowed them only scanty rations of one peck of mouldy horse-beans a week, while his father languished in prison on similar fare. Later, both parents were in prison ; and Stephen Grellet expected daily to hear of their being led forth to the guillotine. Indeed several times they were on the eve of suffering this awful fate in the midst of the Reign of Terror ; and finally it was concluded that they should be put to death the day following the execution of Robespierre, the revolutionary dictator ; but on that very morning their prison doors, for some unexplained reason, were thrown open and they were set free. Thus Stephen Grellet's solicitude and love for his parents were kept fresh. May not the love of his mother, and the longing to see her again, have been one element in drawing him back to Europe ?

In the year 1798 occurred the second of the well-known scourges of yellow-fever in the city. Stephen

Grellet was returning from another mission among the pines, and along the shore of New Jersey, when he heard of it; and being alone in his room one night engaged in prayer, he was suddenly seized with violent pains and trembling throughout his body. While wondering what this meant, the words were put into his mind, "This is the manner in which those seized with yellow-fever are affected; thou must return to the city, and attend on the sick; and thus also shall the disease take hold of thee." His friends tried to dissuade him from going; but believing he had been commanded by the Lord he proceeded to the desolated city, and took up his abode alone in the house which was usually his boarding-place, but was now deserted. For some time he visited the sick and dying and helped bury the dead, also helping to keep open the solemn and sorrowful Meetings of Friends, while almost all other places of worship were closed. But one night, having retired to his room and being engaged in prayer for some who were dying, he was suddenly seized with the same pains as before, and realized that he himself now had the dreadful disease; yet he felt himself perfectly content in the will of God, and comforted by His love. He only had strength to go and unlock the house-door, so that next morning a friend found him and brought a doctor; but the doctor himself took the fever, and in five days died. Meantime Stephen Grellet grew so much worse that his limbs became cold; even his coffin was ordered; his name was in fact included in the list of daily deaths, as a French Quaker. For himself he says:—

"Whilst death seemed to be approaching, and I had turned myself on one side the more easily as I thought to breathe my last, my spirit feeling already as encircled by the angelic host in the Heavenly Presence, a secret but powerful language was proclaimed on this wise: "Thou shalt not die, but live—thy work is not yet done." Then the corners of the earth, over seas and lands, were opened to me, where I should have to labor in the service of the Gospel of Christ. O what amazement I was filled with! What a solemn and awful prospect was set before me! Sorrow took hold of me at the words; for it seemed as if I had had already a foot-hold in the heavenly places. I wept sore; but as it was the Divine will, I bowed in reverence before Him."

He wept because he had to return to the trials of this life. But he prayed that he might again some day return to this same state in which he had just been, and in death itself might be strengthened by the Lord's divine presence as he had been at this time.

FIRST TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

The time was now come for Stephen Grellet to begin a wider service. Although the most remarkable events of his life were to occur in Europe, yet at this time his mind was turned to his own adopted land of America with an earnest desire that the whole country might hear the gospel afresh. He could not, however, tell where he was meant to begin, but concluded to join with a certain English Friend who was expected, provided that Friend should invite him to do so un-

asked. What was his surprise when the Friend,* upon arrival and meeting him for the first time, took him aside and unsolicited said that he believed they ought to be companions in travel; for Stephen Grellet was the very one who had been shown him by the Lord as his companion while he was still on the ship coming over. With this remarkable confirmation of his faith they set forth.

Their first field of service was in some of the Southern States, where we cannot follow them in detail, except to say that they held meetings wherever they could, and experienced not a few hardships. He relates how they travelled for days through the wilderness in Tennessee in their carriage, once crossing a river by lashing two canoes together and putting the two wheels of one side of their carriage in one canoe and the other two in the other.

"Ours was probably the first carriage," he writes, "that had travelled that road. It was well we had taken a little bread and corn with us, which we had to use sparingly, so that a couple of small dry cakes and water served me the whole day, and the horses ate young twigs and leaves, for very little grass was to be found. When encamping during the night, which we did several times, we kept up a good fire to protect us from the panthers, bears, and wolves. The latter were numerous. Sometimes it seemed as if a hundred of them were howling at once round about us. I was however more in fear of venomous

* John Hall of England, under concern for religious service in the United States.

snakes than of wolves. Rattlesnakes and copper-heads were numerous there, as in most of those new countries. They would even come into the cabins, through the openings between the logs, or in the floors. But through adorable mercy I have never been hurt by any of them, though I have frequently been in close contact with them.

“We travelled slowly on account of the difficulties of the roads; sometimes they were so steep that with our empty carriage the horses could only get a few steps forward at once. Frequently, indeed, we had to open a road by cutting down the trees and removing them out of the way. But notwithstanding the fatigue, we were favored with good health, and enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the scenery we often had before us whilst passing through some of those dense forests, covered with those old lofty trees which appeared like the cedars of Lebanon that the Lord had planted. We once encamped under the Painted Rock by the French Broad river. It may be called one of the wonders of nature. There the Indians used to hold their councils.”

When they had completed their service in the South, where they had been over a year and had travelled about 5,000 miles, they turned to our Northern States and Canada. Not long after setting forth they visited the quaint old Island of Nantucket, where, after holding some meetings, Stephen Grellet's companion proposed they should proceed further; the former, however, secretly felt that the Lord required him to do something more on the Island, yet, being

depressed and uncertain, he said nothing about it ; so they went on the vessel that was about to sail away. As it got under way Stephen Grellet became much distressed and agitated, feeling still more strongly that he ought not yet to go. He prayed earnestly that the Lord would make some way for him to return, and "thus confiding in Him, his mind was brought into a solemn waiting upon Him to see what He would do for His name's sake." Soon the wind changed, and a violent storm swept down upon their vessel, which increased till the captain concluded they must put back to the shelter of the Island. In this way they had opportunity to land again, and hold several more important meetings before their final departure.

Passing up by New York through Vermont and Lake Champlain, holding many large meetings as they went, they came into Canada. Here Stephen Grellet met French-speaking people and preached in French for the first time ; he, of course, also now met opposition from Roman Catholics, besides the hardship of travel in almost pioneer regions as they were a century ago, of which his journal occasionally gives us graphic glimpses. A great drought was prevailing, and in one place an alarming forest fire broke out in a tall cedar swamp and threatened destruction to all the settlements ; it was an awful sight to see the columns of fire ascending from the lofty cedars with a loud crackling noise. Further on a fire spread rapidly through the forest as they travelled, so that the tops of the trees above their heads were in flames,

blazing branches falling about them; but they rode as fast as their horses could run, and escaped before the underwood caught fire. He also mentions a dreadful tornado from which they narrowly escaped; the sky had been gathering blackness when it burst forth with a blaze of lightning and loud peals of thunder, and the wind broke upon them with such violence "that the tall trees of the forest were like stubble before it" and were thrown down "in heaps" about them; but in the midst of nature's convulsion they had fortunately reached a clearing and were out of reach of the falling trees. Perhaps even more dangerous were the perils from evil men; in some settlements these seemed bent on doing them some personal harm. One day they found their horses failing, apparently from fatigue, which surprised them, as they were uncommonly strong valuable animals for which they had paid a high price. Leaving them to rest, they proceeded by canoe to a meeting across the river St. Lawrence, returning next day. Seeing a great crowd on the river shore, they landed, and the first sight that met Stephen Grellet's eyes was his noble horse stretched on the grass dead, with his companion's near by in a dying state. They had been poisoned by their enemies, who hoped in this way to stop their preaching in the region. With some difficulty Stephen Grellet obtained a very inferior horse, and started alone on his journey from settlement to settlement.

"I met with many difficulties," he says, "through the woods, deep mud, and the fall of the timber

across the Indian paths, which obliged me to turn aside frequently, whereby I missed my way. The sun being obscured I directed my course by the moss on the trees till I again found the right path. Being often hemmed in by many trees that were blown down, it was slow work to carry my saddle and saddle-bag, or to make my little horse jump over one tree after another, or when coming to the muddy streams, I had to urge him through them, and then with my load on my back to seek up and down the stream for a tree blown across the water on which I could walk over to join my horse again. My dear Master was pleased to bring me through all these difficulties, meeting no other living creatures that I noticed but deer; these were numerous, and twenty or thirty were often seen herding together."

At one place, desiring to cross the St. Lawrence, he had to have two canoes lashed together, and placing his horse's fore legs in one canoe and his hind legs in the other, succeeded with danger in reaching an island, where for a time he was compelled to stay with some poor people on starvation rations; for "the drought had parched the ground," he says, "and the squirrels, which were very numerous that year, had eaten up their corn. Thus my horse fared but poorly; and as to myself, I shared with the family in their scanty meals of some squirrels which the boys succeeded in killing with their bows and arrows, and for which I remunerated them."

We will only pause to relate one other incident in this early period of ministry in the wilderness regions

of America, before approaching his first service among the more polished peoples of Europe. He and his companion had reached home safely, and Stephen Grellet had removed to New York to live, and had engaged in a mercantile business with his brother for a time, when he felt called to go upon a journey into Pennsylvania. He had come to Williamsport, and was holding a meeting in the Court-House, when as he sat in the silence of the early part of the meeting, his mind was troubled with a fear that the yellow-fever had reached New York, and soon the words passed through his mind, "One of thy near relatives is taken with it." He thought at once of his wife and little daughter, their only child, and of their mother, now living in New York. But after committing all them to the Lord's keeping in secret prayer, he was able to enter into the worship of the meeting and to preach effectively to the strangers there gathered. As he journeyed on from Williamsport the fear of this yellow-fever continued upon him, though as yet he had no outward news that it had reached New York at all. Near Reading, however, he met with definite tidings that the plague was in the city as he had feared; and while sitting in a meeting soon after, it seemed to him as though he were following one of his near relatives to the grave. His anxiety was now such that he was convinced he must give up his work and return home with all speed. "I felt that the same power that had put me forth in His service, now called me back from it." He proceeded rapidly toward New York; at Rahway

he was met with the news that his wife's mother was alarmingly ill with the fever; on reaching New York he learned that she was dead,—and also that his wife was very ill with the disease, and that all had left the city for safety. Fortunately his wife was spared to him, though she was very ill for months, and suffered from the effects for years. This instance of the Lord's care and guidance as he tried to serve Him must have greatly strengthened his faith in proceeding further in His service.

The foreign service of Stephen Grellet, which occupied the chief place in his life from now on, consisted for the most part of four great journeys to Europe. The first of these was much less extensive than the other three, however, being confined to his native land of France. He was now thirty-three years of age, and had already as much experience in travelling in the ministry as many prominent ministers have had in a life-time. But he felt a heavy debt due to the country of his birth, laden with Catholicism and militarism, to take to it the good news of joy which he had found in America,—even the word of a vital and spiritual religion found in Christ, a religion of liberty and peace and good-will.

FIRST EUROPEAN JOURNEY.

Seldom has a man with years of remarkable service before him started out under a deeper feeling of discouragement than did Stephen Grellet on this the first of his great foreign journeys. "None can have ever gone on the Lord's service," he himself says, "under a greater sense of their poverty, weakness, and ina-

bility of themselves to do anything to the glory of God." And fortunate indeed it was for the future, that he did not allow himself at this point to be turned back, or his purpose changed, by his sense of desertion.

He took ship for Marseilles in the south of France, in the Sixth Month of the year 1807. "Now I am left a poor solitary one," he says, "none on board but the crew." Soon after putting to sea a violent storm struck the vessel, tossing it so severely that every article in the cabin was loosed or broken from its fastenings, and Stephen Grellet was thrown out of his berth and tossed from one side of the cabin to the other; immediately after, a wave sent a quantity of salt water in upon the cabin. To prevent this from happening again every opening was closed down tight, so that now our poor traveller came near the point of suffocation from the foul air coming from the hold of the ship, which, he says, was so bad that every piece of silver about him turned black. Finally, the captain carried him up on deck, where he was lashed fast to keep from being washed away by the waves, which frequently broke over the ship and carried away much of the deck's lumber and some hen-coops. Though this was dangerous, and his clothes were wet day by day by the sea, he much preferred it to the suffocating cabin. "The works of the Lord," he says, "as I behold them, are great! The waves were like mountains taking us up on high; then they would suddenly break asunder, and let the ship fall as into a deep abyss, with a great crash, as if she would break in pieces."

But though depression and danger beset him, a more serious risk threatened Stephen Grellet later in the voyage when some pirates made an attempt upon them. One afternoon they saw a suspicious-looking vessel coming towards them with another ship in tow. As she came alongside they saw her full of rough-looking men, with swords or cutlasses in their hands and other weapons. The captain thought they were Morocco pirates. They ordered all hands from the American ship on board their own craft, and the seamen were just about lowering their boat to obey, when an English man-of-war, which seems to have been pursuing the pirates, was discovered to be coming up; the latter at once made all sail to escape with their prize. This prize was probably a merchant ship lately captured by them, the crew of which they would sell into slavery; and the same might have been the fate of the Americans if the English frigate had not appeared just at that time; indeed, when the poor seamen saw the danger they were in, some of them made doleful lamentations at the prospect of slavery. But the mind of Stephen Grellet was preserved calm by his faith in God, who had called him to go on this voyage in His service.

When at last the ship arrived in Marseilles, everyone was compelled to go into quarantine for two or three weeks for fear of the plague. Stephen Grellet, oppressed by the heat and dreadful odors of the crowded ships and stagnant filthy waters of the harbor, went ashore to the Lazaretto or Plague Hospital, a series of huge airy buildings near the sea. Here-

he lived, like Paul in Rome, with a guard, who kept close to him wherever he went, and also acted as waiter, bringing him his meals. A room, with the guard-room adjoining, very sparsely furnished, but open and airy in the hot summer days, and like "a palace compared to the ship," was now his home; and here in the situation of a prisoner rather than a free-man, his work of ministry in Europe began; for as was the case with Paul the prisoner in Rome, people began to hear of him and to come to visit him. First came a man convinced of Friends' principles, named John Mollet, a Swiss, who before long was to become his companion to the scattered little communities of Friends in the south of France, and now helped him meet more pious people; curiosity to see a Quaker brought various ranks and conditions to interview him; the captain of the Hospital inquired carefully about his principles; Roman priests came to question him; and some evil-minded Spaniards, who said "burning would be too good for him." He mentions, too, an American lady in the last stages of consumption, just arrived from Boston, and with but a short time to live, to whom in her loneliness he offered consolation, "encouraging her to look up to Christ, the only refuge and physician of souls, who is near to purify and sanctify and prepare her for admission into His kingdom of spotless purity." Ten days later he attended her funeral, having himself been released from his confinement by that time. And now he began travelling about among the few and scattered families of Friends in that province,

holding meetings with them, and also public meetings where he could preach to greater numbers. At one place he had a disagreeable experience ; nearly the whole town seemed to have come out to hear him ; the building appointed for the meeting was crowded, and the streets outside thronged with people. Stephen Grellet was sitting near a window waiting to speak, when a bustle at the doors was heard and someone whispered to him, "The commissary of police is coming !" He replied, "Fear not ; only be quiet." The commissary (a sort of police captain), pushing through the crowd, came up to him and said, "Are you the person who is going to preach ?" "It may be so," Stephen Grellet replied, "please to sit down." But the officer took hold of his collar to arrest him, and said, "You must follow me to the mayor." To this Stephen Grellet quietly answered, "I may not detain thee long ; please to take a seat a little while," and then began to preach. The officer stood by in amazement for awhile, still holding his prisoner as he preached, and then saying, "I go to make my report ;" he retired. At the door he ordered some soldiers to go back and arrest the speaker, but they said they would not disturb a man so engaged. So Stephen Grellet was left free to speak to the multitude for over an hour. When the meeting broke up, he hurried to the mayor's office ; but not finding him, started for his house ; on the way he met the officer again, who, threatening him with imprisonment, went with him to find the mayor. After a long wait the latter arrived, and on first hearing the case

and seeing Stephen Grellet with his hat on, seemed angry; but after listening to some explanation of Friends' principles, the mayor politely replied, that he knew something of the Society of Friends, and was sorry their meeting had been disturbed. After some further conversation he released Stephen Grellet, and gave him free permission to hold meetings as he thought right, and accepted some books about Friends which were offered him. His wife next day sent for more of the same books.

At the next town there was no place large enough to hold a public meeting, so they decided to meet out of doors. An orchard was chosen with high walls, and the people hung lanterns in the trees. "It was a fine serene evening," says Stephen Grellet, "I have seldom known a more solemn stillness" than settled upon this meeting. The Gospel descended upon them as the dew on the tender grass. About one thousand five hundred people were present at this meeting.

From these instances we can sufficiently gather the character of Stephen Grellet's service upon this first journey to France. Much of their travelling was done on foot, as they had only one small mule to carry three of them.

As he moved through the land, he was grieved to see the oppression and misery caused by the great armies and incessant wars that the emperor Napoleon Bonaparte was preparing for and carrying on. In some places few men could be seen except those maimed in battle, and all the fine youths were being

hurried to the army for a new war, while women had to do all the work at home. "Day and night," exclaims Stephen Grellet, "my mind is turned toward Bonaparte. O could I plead with him! Could I bring him to feel and see as I do the horror and misery he is accumulating upon man!" Repeatedly he tried to get to Paris to endeavor to come before the emperor for this purpose, but the restrictions of Napoleon's military despotism prevented him entirely; no passports would be granted him; and at last he felt free to leave France and return to America. Before going, he had visited his mother, from whom he had been separated for seventeen years. He reached New York after an absence of about nine months.

AT HOME AGAIN.

We will not pause to relate Stephen Grellet's extensive journeys among the meetings of Friends in America which now followed. One or two incidents only need detain us. New York Yearly Meeting appointed a committee of three men and three women to visit all their meetings and encourage them to greater care over the religious life of their young people. One of this committee was Stephen Grellet, and another was Elias Hicks. As they moved from meeting to meeting, the former became very anxious because of some mistaken opinions expressed by Elias Hicks in his preaching. He says he often earnestly begged him to be more careful of what he said; and he promised to do so, but without much

change ; so that Stephen Grellet " became introduced into very deep and painful trials," and speaks of his great distress, " as few appear to be sensible of the threatening affliction that I see gathering upon us." These words were indeed prophetic, spoken as they were in 1808, nearly twenty years before the sad and disastrous separation in the Society of Friends which is associated with the name of Elias Hicks. Stephen Grellet had noticed signs of the same opinions in this Friend's preaching three years previously.

There is an incident related of Stephen Grellet, which though the time of its occurrence does not seem to be remembered, may properly be recorded here. He felt called at one time to take a considerable journey to visit a camp of lumbermen at work far back in the forest. Arriving at the place, he found a number of huts, but to his surprise all of them were deserted ; not a living creature appeared to be there. The timber cutters had in fact moved on into the deeper recesses of the forest. Going into one of the larger huts, however, which had been used for the meals of the men, no doubt in order to seek guidance as to what he should next do, he felt himself impelled to preach as though an audience were before him, and without understanding why, he obeyed the call, declaring the everlasting gospel of Christ there in the silence of the forest. Feeling satisfied that he had at least done what had been required of him, he then returned as he had come. A number of years passed by, when one day as he was walking across London bridge during one of the

European journeys we have yet to describe, a man came up to him, and somewhat rudely taking hold of him exclaimed, "I have found you at last! I have got you at last, have I?" "Friend," replied Stephen Grellet, "I think thou art mistaken." "But I am not," answered the man. "Did you not preach on a certain day, at such a place, in the backwoods of America?" "Why yes," said the Friend, "but I saw no one there to hear me." "I was there," was the reply, "I heard you. I was the guager of the woodmen; we had moved on, and were putting up more shanties to live in, when I found I had left my lever at the old camp, and went back for it. As I approached, I heard a voice preaching. Trembling with astonishment, I came near, and seeing you through the chinks of our dining shanty, I stood and listened to your message. The arrow struck home; conviction came upon me, and I was miserable for many weeks with the thought of my sins. I had no Bible, no book of any kind, no person to talk to about divine things. The men about me were grossly immoral; I felt more and more wretched. At last I obtained a Bible; and I read and read, till I read words which showed me how I might be saved; and soon I felt that I had obtained eternal life. I told my men the same blessed news; and they too, all became converted to God. Three of them became missionaries, and were mightily used to bring sinners to the Saviour. I have had a strong desire sometime to see you, to tell you that I know that your sermon in our old quarters has been

the means of the conversion of *at least one thousand* souls !”

For about two of the three years of his stay in America at this time, Stephen Grellet was quietly engaged in business in a small way in New York, in which he seems to have been quite successful; for he says he thus not only provided for his family, but also earned the expenses for his travels. “I have gone on my own charges,” he says, “throughout all the extensive religious journeys I have to this time taken, though some of these have been expensive, my journey through France and crossing the sea especially so. My friends in New York would have paid my passage across the sea, but I could not be free to consent to it.”

SECOND EUROPEAN JOURNEY.

The time came when he perceived that the Lord was again calling him over the sea, and leading him to a yet more extensive journey upon the continent of Europe. Indeed his mind had been under the pressure of such a prospect much of the time since his previous journey abroad.

This second European journey began in the early summer of 1811; this time he sailed first to the British Isles, landing at Liverpool the latter part of the Sixth Month. From Liverpool he went north through Scotland, holding many large meetings, and then crossed over to Ireland for extensive service there. One peculiarity of his ministry in the British Isles was the amount of work and the great meetings held

among the lower classes of society—a great mission to the unfortunate—a work of philanthropy. This not only had wide effects in England, as we shall see, but was of the greatest consequence to his future success on the continent.

When he came to Dublin he was much impressed with the misery of the outcast masses there. He especially wished to preach to the seamen, and one day at the close of Friends' meeting made request for help in doing so. The Friends cordially approved of attempting it, but one of them said it would be very difficult, for the British Admiralty, or Navy Department, had just ordered all seamen to be seized, or "impressed," and compelled to serve in the navy, as war was then expected; and in fear of this order all the seamen had disappeared from both vessels and wharves. The same Friend, however, said he would go at once and see what could be done. He happened to know the admiral of the port, so he went and laid the case before him. "It is a hard thing that you ask," the Admiral answered, "but if your friend can have his meeting this evening, I give you my word of honor that no impressment shall be made to-night." The Friends accordingly had notices printed as fast as could be, giving the word of the admiral that no one should be seized that night, and distributed them at the lodging-houses where the seamen had concealed themselves. A large warehouse was then made ready for the meeting, and at seven o'clock Stephen Grellet arrived. Some people thought no one would come; but they found the

place already crowded with poor sailors. When the meeting had settled into considerable stillness, a noise was heard near the door, and the sailors, turning in anxiety towards it, saw the admiral himself coming in with his officers; many feared he had broken his promise, and was about to arrest them, but he walked quietly forward and took his seat with his officers at the front of the meeting. Stephen Grellet proceeded to preach, and they had a solemn meeting, so that the weather-beaten faces of the seamen showed their emotion even to tears. When the meeting closed, the admiral, with much feeling, expressed his gratitude for the Lord's favor in that meeting, and hoped that many of them would be lastingly benefited by it. As the Admiral promised, no "press-gangs" were abroad hunting for seamen in Dublin that night. But on the days following, the impressment was severe throughout England and Ireland; for that was the time that Napoleon was threatening to invade Great Britain.

The philanthropic character of Stephen Grellet's ministry at this time appears again when he returned from Ireland to England. "At Newcastle a great concern came upon me," he writes, "on account of the poor and laboring classes of the community, the colliers especially, and those employed in furnaces and glass-houses, many of whom endure great hardships and very severe privations." He felt the love of Christ constraining him to preach the good tidings among these unfortunate classes also, in the midst of their sufferings. The colliers, or coal-miners, spend half

of their time at hard work in cold and damp mines far down in the earth, and often are in imminent peril of their lives. Only a few days before he came to one place, a great accident had killed a large number of men in the mine, and for consolation their widows and orphans crowded to the meeting which he held. He says of it that the "oil of joy" was poured out upon them instead of the mourning they had had, and they exchanged "the garment of praise" for "the spirit of heaviness." He found that many of these people, though poor in the world, were rich in faith. Indeed, though he had been told that the miners were a ferocious people, he found in them more of the spirit of the lamb. Coming out of the mines after sunset they took a very short time for refreshment, so as to be in time for the meeting. The meetings were held mostly in the evening, and out of doors, on account of the great numbers who wished to attend them. Sometimes they had candle-light, and the men, not having had time to wash their faces, gave evidence in that dim light of how the preacher's words affected them by the stream of tears washing down their dust-covered faces. One meeting is mentioned where several thousand were present, and which lasted more than three hours; yet though often they had to stand, it was astonishing with what stillness they would remain so long, after having spent most of the day working deep under the earth.

When Stephen Grellet came to the great city of London he began to experience a feeling of deep distress because of the misery and sin of the outcast

classes of society there, and the conviction that God required him to go among them and preach. He passed many sleepless nights of great agitation on this account. He felt that God had saved him from his own sins, and had sent him there for just such a purpose; and "the awful consequences should I be unfaithful," he says, "and attempt like Jonah to flee from the presence of the Lord, were in an appalling manner set before me." He was able at length, however, to yield, and to offer himself in complete surrender to his Master, to do anything and go anywhere, in London or in all Europe, that God should require of him. Great peace followed this surrender; and yet, he says, "The cup I was to drink was not thereby rendered less bitter." It is worth remembering that the remarkable things this man accomplished were not easy to him, but were oft-times "bitter," and it was only his great courage and devotion, laying hold of the help of God, that made it possible for him to do them.

Great numbers in London were at this time out of work and suffering for lack of food because of the disastrous wars of Napoleon, in which England, along with most other European nations, was involved. That cruel military despot had reached the zenith of his power about the time Stephen Grellet began this Second Journey (1811); but his power was now beginning to wane. We may also recall that the War of 1812 between England and America was just over. The fact that Stephen Grellet was thus doing his utmost in self-sacrificing effort for the poor of

QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES.

England, in the very years that England was engaged in deadly combat with his own original people, the French, and also with his adopted people, the Americans, suggests how truly he was now the subject and servant of a kingdom of universal love and goodwill, a kingdom which is not of this world, the Kingdom of Christ.

The first meeting he held among the lower classes in London, was for the weavers of Spitalfields. They came in great numbers, many thinking that bread was to be distributed and were very noisy in consequence. But an English Friend named William Allen, who presently became one of Stephen Grellet's most devoted friends, and who was known to the weavers for his charities, quieted them, and explained the purpose of the meeting; so that an effectual sermon was preached to them. Next, meetings were held among the Jews, especially Jewish children and young people. Then the preacher felt that he must somehow reach the most degraded and vicious of the people, thieves, pick-pockets and abandoned women, and appealed to the leading Friends to assist him. With much difficulty an audience of these was gathered to meet him; and when brought face to face with them he was filled with dismay at countenances so disfigured with vice and degradation, and was overcome with grief to see that they were mostly young people. "I wept bitterly over them," he says, "but the love of Christ, who came to seek and to save that which was lost, filled my soul and prepared me not only to proclaim against sin, and the

consequences of living and dying in sin, but also to preach Christ the Saviour of sinners. Oh, it was a solemn time indeed; the Lord's power was over us; the lofty heads, the proud looks, were brought down. I have seldom known such brokenness, and so general, as it was that evening. The meeting remained in the same state during the silence after I sat down, a silence only interrupted by the sobbings or deep sighs of some of them."

When the chief police magistrate of London heard of this, he asked for more such meetings, and offered to get the people together; but Stephen Grellet's mind was now turned to the more confirmed criminals in the prisons, and soon he began an extended service in the various penal institutions of the great city. Notable among these was the famous prison of Newgate, and his visit there, especially among the women prisoners, was a remarkable occasion. The jailor tried to prevent his going in, saying the women were so unruly and desperate that he could not be responsible for what they might do to him, thinking the very least was to have his clothes torn off. But when Stephen Grellet came before them, at once some prisoners who happened to have heard him in one of the other prisons, and had been transferred, recognized him, and appeared much pleased at his coming. They soon set about getting the rest of the four or five hundred women ready for a religious meeting. Some were still asleep; but in a few minutes all their hammocks were rolled up, and they crowded forward to hear the Quaker preacher. He

says that the atmosphere of the place was almost intolerable, and everything base and depraved was so strongly marked on the evil faces before him, with looks of effrontery, boldness, and wantonness of expression, that again he was for a while greatly dismayed. But the more he saw there the awful consequences of sin, the more he also felt the love of Christ who could deliver them; and as he began to speak, the hard and desperate "countenances began to alter; they hung down their heads; their haughtiness and proud looks were brought low, and tears in abundance were seen to flow." Asking if there were any other prisoners, he was shown up stairs; and "was astonished beyond description at the mass of woe and misery" he beheld, "many very sick, lying on the bare floor or on some old straw, having very scanty covering over them, though it was quite cold; and there were several children, born in the prison among them, almost naked."

And now follows a memorable result of this visit, on account of which we have dwelt upon it. Stephen Grellet went at once to his friend Elizabeth Fry, and out of the fulness of his heart described what he had just seen, saying that something must be done at once for those poor suffering children. She promptly got some flannel, and collected a number of young women Friends to sew, and next day took to the prison the garments needed for the naked children. This was the beginning of the useful work of Elizabeth Fry for the women prisoners of Newgate. What she saw that day of their wretchedness led her

to make plans for their help and religious instruction,—a work which by its example became the blessing of thousands of prisoners in various parts of the world.

The time had now about come for Stephen Grellet to cross to the continent of Europe. Not long before going he visited six thousand French prisoners-of-war taken in the Napoleonic wars and held in England, some of them for as long as nine years past. He was much affected to see so many of his fellow countrymen in that plight. Some of them were of cultured and well-to-do families, who had been forcibly taken from their homes and compelled to serve in war. They asked him what had brought him to England, and what induced him to visit them in their affliction. He said it was the love of Christ to these nations that led him to come, and that he soon expected to cross to France to visit their fellow countrymen in that love which seeks the happiness and salvation of all peoples. Taking a vessel to cross the English channel, in company with some forty French prisoners who were being returned on account of disease or disability, they were just entering harbor in France when the vessel struck violently on a rock, and was thought to be sinking. The lamentations of the poor prisoners, many of whom looked as though they must soon die in any case, were bitter indeed. "What!" they cried, with tears on their worn cheeks, "after so much suffering, so many narrow escapes in war, must we now perish in sight of beloved France, and not be allowed quietly to go and die there?" Stephen Grellet was alone in his cabin at the time;

he sat down and began seeking to know the will of God,—wondering if instead of the wide service he had expected, he was to be asked by his Master to yield up his life so near his native land; but in a consciousness of his Heavenly Father's presence he found an assurance that no life would be lost, and this proved true, for the vessel was lodged upon the rocks; and when the rising tide lifted her off, her leaks were found not to be bad enough to sink her, and the passengers were safely landed.

At the port, Stephen Grellet was subjected to a strict search, even the linings of his clothing and the soles of his shoes being examined for secret papers; he was also cross-examined as to the reason for his coming. Then the whole description of him was sent on to Paris, and he was compelled to wait for permission to go farther. Fortunately permission came, and he proceeded. As he went on his way, he was grieved to see that a very active conscription was going on, to replace the army just destroyed in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. It was heart-breaking to hear the bitter lament of parents parting with their last son, some saying that five or more had perished in war, and now in their old age their last hope was being taken from them. He met companies of poor young men, thirty to sixty, fastened two and two to a long chain, and marched off to the army. What sin, cruelty, bloodshed and misery follow in the train of war!

In Paris he was summoned before the commissary of police, and again strictly examined as to every

point of his life since he first left France years before, and as to what his opinions were, and whether he had any political object in view. He described Friends' principles in reply, and declared that his "business as a servant of Jesus Christ, the King eternal and immortal, the supreme Ruler in heaven and on earth, was not to induce men to join this or that party, but to invite them all to come to Christ."

The officer then took down a box from his shelves, and papers from the files, in which the police had formerly recorded facts concerning Stephen Grellet, and comparing these records with his replies, he said, "It is all correct." The minister of police seemed pleased, and appears to have given him some liberty to go forward with holding meetings.

Before leaving Paris, he recalled his concern on the former visit to France, a concern he was then unable to fulfill, to stand before the emperor Napoleon, and plead with him for God and righteousness, and in what distress he left the capital on that account. But now, he declares, "I have no wish at all to see him." "The day of the Lord's visitation that I then felt to be extended towards him, appears to me to have passed away from him." He accordingly left Paris, and proceeded to the south of France.

At Toulouse he notes the mournful evidences of war in that city :—

"It was but a few days since, that after a battle between the English and French armies, such a number of wounded soldiers were brought in that the streets were strewn with these, till places to remove

them to were prepared ; and so numerous were the amputations that in several parts of the city piles of legs and arms like heaps of wood were to be seen. Nevertheless in the sight of all this, there are public diversions and great wantonness. How terrible is the scourge of war ! What misery and sin are annexed to it ! My soul is exceeding sorrowful, my eyes and ears also deeply affect my heart."

His comfort was in the companionship of such pious persons as he could find, and in holding religious meetings with them. He tells of visiting again his beloved aged mother, now more favorably inclined to his own views of religion. At Nismes an incident showed the value of his examination by the police in Paris ; he was holding a meeting with some pious Moravians and others, when two officers of police and some soldiers came in and sat down. The meeting was a very solemn one, and at its close the officers came up with others to shake hands with him, having tears in their eyes. Following him into the street, one of them then came up and very politely and with apologies said they had been sent to arrest him. Stephen Grellet, though exhausted, went with them before the prefect, who at first was very rough, saying he must go to prison while they sent word to Paris, with worse to follow. Stephen Grellet replied that the minister of police in Paris knew all about him and his meetings. The prefect then asked the officer what the meeting just held had been like ; and the latter was heard to say, "I have never heard anyone speak in such a manner before ;

the whole assembly was melted into tears." Stephen Grellet was then released. He simply returned next morning to explain further his principles and why he held these meetings, "to which the people are flocking in such crowds," as the prefect said, and was then allowed to go upon his way.

Now we come to a remarkable case of divine guidance in the life of Stephen Grellet, one of far-reaching importance in his ministry—indeed we are inclined to think, almost the most important determining incident in that ministry. He had come to Marseilles under a sense of duty to go on to Italy, the head-centre of Roman Catholicism for the world. Apparently under some subtle discernment of danger he took a little frequented mountainous road from there to Nice, and thence along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea to Mentone. Here he had a pleasant little interval in the midst of his anxious journeyings. Mentone is a very beautiful town at the foot of the Alps, which at this point extend out from Switzerland to the Sea, yet still their summits are covered with perpetual snow. "The heat of the weather," he says, "would be unbearable were it not that the air is very pleasantly tempered by the ice and snow above. The orange trees are abundant, . . . and are continually blossoming and bearing fruit." He had a letter of introduction here to a gentleman who, from a sense of religious duty, had withdrawn from the world, "to live in retirement in this sequestered but beautiful and fertile spot, covered with vineyards, olive, lemon, orange, almond,

fig, and other trees; the hedges lined with pomegranates, myrtle, rose, green aloes, &c." With what relief and joy must Stephen Grellet have paused in this little paradise in the midst of his toilsome service. Passing on from here, however, on his way to Genoa in Italy, he again felt it right to take a more secluded and mountainous road than that commonly used. It was a time of war; most roads were, moreover, infested with robbers. He heard dismal accounts of the robberies and murders almost daily perpetrated upon travellers; and yet he could not conscientiously go with the bands of travellers who took military protection with them. Indeed many of the robbers were said to be conscripts, who, being unwilling to go to the army, had fled to the mountains, and for want of food were then driven to acts of desperation. On the road which he chose, they had several alarms from these banditti, but were not actually attacked. The way, as expected, "lay over high rocky mountains, by the side of great precipices, and so narrow that a misstep of the mule would have precipitated them to a great depth. Sometimes even that narrow path was covered with rolling stones, and so steep that it was like ascending or descending a staircase." Once or twice the mule stopped, and for a few moments refused to go forward. Reaching Genoa at last in safety, however, a new kind of difficulty confronted him,—no longer any physical difficulty, but spiritual questionings. He had long felt that God was drawing him to go down into Italy, to preach in Rome, Naples, and else-

where; but now that he was in that country, doubts as to the rightness of his course took hold upon him, and a struggle began in his mind which it was hard to understand. On account of the robbers and warfare, he had just concluded to go onwards by sea, instead of trusting himself to the land,—and then,—but let us hear his own account of what happened,—this remarkable case of divine guidance, and one of the fullest descriptions of such an event that we have.

“As I was going to engage my passage,” he says, “my mind was introduced into unutterable distress, gross darkness seemed to be before me, whilst a bright stream of light was behind; I stood still for a while, and found I could not go forward. I returned to my lodgings and in my chamber poured forth my soul to the Lord, entreating him to direct me aright. He knew it was in obedience to His divine will that I had come to these nations, and that to His divine guidance and almighty protection I had wholly committed myself and my all. He very graciously condescended to be near to me in my distress, and to hear the voice of supplication. He gave me to see and strongly to feel, that to Rome, Naples, &c., I should indeed go, that I had baptisms there to be baptized with, but that the time for it had not yet come; and the language of the Spirit was to proceed with all speed for Geneva and Switzerland.”

Without understanding this direction of the Lord, he at once obeyed, and started back upon his northward journey. “The impulse on my mind,” he says, “was as if I must flee for my life. . . . As I

proceeded on my way, I felt that I was leaving a heavy weight behind me, and that a bright light shone on my way forward; such peacefulness accompanied me that I did not feel any weariness from the journey. . . . My soul was poured forth in reverent gratitude before God."

Finally having reached Geneva, far up in Switzerland, he began to understand part of the reasons for this strange guidance. He learned that word had gone forth from police headquarters in Paris to follow him up and arrest him. The gendarmes or constabulary had been in pursuit of him, but had missed him because he took the less usual and more rugged mountain road, and so they had turned back. He also found that because Napoleon and his allies had been defeated in Germany, the army of Italy was falling back into their own country, pursued by the Austrian army, and thus that a delay on his part of only a few days longer in Italy might have caused him to be shut up without possibility of escape or further service. Thus the course he was led to take towards Switzerland seemed the only way of escape from between these two dangers.

We may, perhaps, also see a larger providence in this remarkable case of guidance. A chief part in the great service of Stephen Grellet was his mission and apostleship of a vital religion to the Catholic peoples of Europe. The culmination of this service undoubtedly came when about six years later he at last reached Rome, had his remarkable interview with the Pope and was admitted to all the secrets of

the inquisition. Had he gone forward to Rome at this time, it is difficult to see how he could have thus gained admittance; but after his journeys through northern, eastern and southeastern Europe, he approached Rome again from the south, backed by the recommendations of the Emperor and prelates of Russia, and introduced by the authority of England in the Mediterranean; and thus he obtained free course in Catholic Italy. This case of divine guidance at Genoa, turning him back at first from Rome, was thus the point where this great feature of his career was decided. It reminds us of how the Apostle Paul was turned back by the Holy Spirit (Acts 16:6) from Ephesus on the great highway of Asia Minor, that he might first go far around and carry the gospel to Europe and the Greek cities of the Ægean Sea, and then at last come to Ephesus again as the culmination of his work and ministry.

Stephen Grellet proceeded from Switzerland into Germany. Coming to Munich in the Kingdom of Bavaria, he had further trouble with the authorities on account of his passports, and was brought before the minister of police; but this dignitary having adjusted matters, became the means of introducing him to other high personages, among them the minister of finance, who was a religious-minded man, and in whose palace Stephen Grellet held a noteworthy meeting. He also met the physician of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and through him received a request from the Prince for a visit.

Stephen Grellet accordingly went to the royal

palace. He found this young man, the heir to the throne of that kingdom, in a state of great anxiety for his soul, and as he told of his deep distress, "the big tears dropped down his cheeks; 'many a time,' said he, 'under strong convictions for my sins, I have formed resolutions to pursue a different course of life, but the very next temptation has overcome me.' I directed him (adds Stephen Grellet), to the Lord Jesus Christ as able to save to the uttermost." Soon after this a letter came from the Prince saying that the King, his father, having heard of the meeting in the palace of the minister of finance, also desired to see Stephen Grellet, and would expect him that very morning at eleven o'clock. He accordingly went at the appointed time. The Prince had told the King something of the special views and practices of Friends, such as keeping the hat on in the presence of great persons.

"On my entering the King's apartment," writes Stephen Grellet, "I found he was alone, and waiting for me. He came towards me as I entered, having his head uncovered; I saw at once that he was not well pleased to see me with my hat on; but after a very few words had passed between us, his countenance brightened up. At first he had many inquiries to make relative to the object of my travelling, the nature of my religious engagements, and respecting several of our religious testimonies; that against war in an especial manner. He also wished to know the results of my observations in the visits I had made to their prisons. Having answered his inquiries, my way was open for

introducing the subject of liberty of conscience, and the suffering that had been inflicted on several of his subjects on that account. . . . This very interesting topic led me to make some remarks of a religious character, under which the King's mind appeared to be impressed; and at last, when I was about to withdraw, he put his arms around my neck, and bid me farewell. We had been together above an hour."

This is the first of Stephen Grellet's appearances before the kings of Europe.

Proceeding on his journey through Germany, "in a sleigh with post-horses," he records:—

"The snow being very deep and the weather very cold, (I) travelled during the night, on account of the difficulty of obtaining accommodations in small towns because of the soldiers occupying them. Last night I had a narrow escape from robbers; one of them sprang from behind a tree to take hold of the horse's head, whilst the others were coming by the side of the sleigh; but the horses being spirited, and the driver giving them a touch of the whip, they sprang forward, threw off the man on one side, and we were soon out of their reach. . . . This is the first attempt as yet made upon me that I know of. Daily, however, I feel that my life is in jeopardy."

Other famous cities that our traveller visited in Germany were Nuremberg, then through the Kingdom of Wirtemberg to Frankfort and Cologne, and by Bremen and Amsterdam he sailed back again to England, where in the quiet home of his friend

William Allen he had a well-deserved rest. "During this winter," he writes, "I have been more than forty nights on the road, many times amidst robbers and murderers. I have repeatedly been where contagious diseases prevailed in a high degree, so that the mortality was great; often also I have made but one scanty meal a day. But amidst all these things the Lord has borne me up and delivered me,—yea, rendered hard things easy. My health is now as good or better then when I landed in France more than nine months ago."

About this time there occurred in London a series of remarkable events which were to be of great influence on the fortunes of Stephen Grellet when he next visited Europe four or five years later, and indeed upon the lives of other prominent Friends, and the history of the Society. London Yearly Meeting was in session; and Stephen Grellet with his host William Allen, who seems to have been clerk of the Yearly Meeting, went up to attend it. Stephen Grellet's mind was brought into deep agitation over the unchristian cruelties of war which he had witnessed in Europe, and the danger of fresh horrors, and he was engaged in earnest prayer to God to give him opportunity to appear before rulers and kings to try and prevent a renewal of bloodshed. It was the spring of the year 1814; the allied armies of Europe had at last succeeded in defeating Napoleon, the Emperor of France, the military despot who had deluged all countries with blood in his mad effort to conquer Europe for himself. He was in flight,

soon to be sent as an exile to the Island of Elba, and the allies had captured and entered his capital, the city of Paris. Now came news that several kings who were then gathered in Paris were likely to cross the English Channel in the interests of peace, and to visit London. It seemed to Stephen Grellet a providential chance, and he prepared to appear before them. In course of time they arrived, the King of Prussia, the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and other royal personages. William Allen was already known to the royal family of England on account of his great charitable works, and was first summoned to help arrange for the reception of the Russian Emperor.

A few days later, the Duchess of Oldenburg, who was the Russian Emperor's sister, with some of her retinue, and the young King of Wirtemberg, came to one of the Friends' Meetings and joined in the worship. She seems to have thought it a blessed and solemn time, and to have told the Emperor of it. Not long after this, William Allen was one day summoned to meet the Emperor; he went to his hotel, and waited till after midnight, but did not find him; returning next morning, which was a First-day morning, he waited again till eleven, when he was taken into the carriage of the Russian Ambassador, and driven rapidly away, the Ambassador telling him as they went that the Emperor wished to attend a Friends' Meeting, and that they must do it at once. William Allen feared that it was too late, and the meeting would be over; but joining the royal party, he guided them as quickly as possible to the nearest

meeting-house, which was Westminster Meeting, and led them into the building. That was a remarkable procession, coming so late into meeting,—the Emperor Alexander leading down the aisle. The distinguished strangers were seated facing the meeting, the Grand Duchess, the Emperor's sister, preferring the first bench on the women's side. Stephen Grellet was in the gallery above. A solemn hush of silent worship prevailed for about fifteen minutes, and then one by one three ministers preached. Stephen Grellet says, "It proved a good and solemn meeting. The Emperor and Grand Duchess by their solemn countenances and religious tenderness gave evidence that they felt it to be so to them."

These events, of course, readily opened the way for carrying out Stephen Grellet's wish. In two days he and William Allen were appointed to have an audience with the Emperor, when they were to present to him an address on peace, which had been prepared for him by the Yearly Meeting. He came to meet them at the door of his apartment, took them kindly by the hand, and said that for a long time he had wished to see them. He had heard of Stephen Grellet the previous winter from his Empress, who had been staying at a health resort in Germany, near where he held some of his meetings. Then he began to ask about the religious principles and practices of Friends, worship, ministry, and the influence of the Spirit, and to their answers he replied, "These are my own sentiments also."

"Respecting worship he said, 'that God who



STEPHEN GREILLET.
(An interesting silhouette portrait.)

knoweth our hearts cannot be pleased with, nor be acceptably worshipped by, the observance of outward forms and ceremonies, or the repetition of words which the wicked and the hypocrite could use though continuing in their sinful practices ; but that a worship in spirit and in truth is the most acceptable to God, who is a Spirit, and that before Him our own spirit must be reverently prostrated.' Respecting prayer he said, 'I pray every day, not in a form of words, but as the Lord by his Spirit, convincing me of my wants, enables me to do.' . . . He appeared to be sincere in his desire to promote harmony, love, and peace throughout the world ; he told us that his concern had been great that the several crowned heads might conclude to settle their differences by arbitration and not by the sword." . . . Then silence followed, during which, "feeling my heart warmed by the love of Christ towards him," says Stephen Grellet, "and under a sense of the peculiar temptations and trials to which his exalted station in the world subjected him, I addressed a few words to him. His heart appeared sensibly and tenderly affected ; with tears, he took hold of my hand, which he held silently for awhile and then said, 'These your words are a sweet cordial to my soul ; they will long remain engraven on my heart.' We furnished him with a number of Friends' books, which he received with pleasure, and on our taking leave of him, having been together upwards of an hour, he took each of us by the hand and said, 'I part from you as from friends and brethren ; feelings which I hope will ever

remain with me.' He also said, 'Why do not some of your people come to my country? If they do, do not make application to others; come immediately to me; I promise you protection and every assistance in my power.'"

We may be sure Stephen Grellet remembered these last words, as a great opening to visit Russia; and we, too, must recall them when he goes on his next great European journey. We need not dwell longer on this present journey. Suffice it to say that about six months later Stephen Grellet sailed for America and home. A wretched voyage they had, and almost starved. But at last he met his dear family again at Burlington, N. J., and they "rejoiced in the Lord together" at being re-united.

"I have travelled during this engagement," he records, "about 26,000 miles by land, besides several thousands by water, and have had during that period nearly as many meetings as days. I went out poor; I return poor,—very poor in spirit; yet I can truly say that I have lacked nothing."

VISIT TO HAYTI.

It might be pleasant to pass very briefly over the interval between the second and third journeys to Europe, and go straight on with his experiences in Russia. But he had such a notable voyage to the Island of Hayti in the West Indies, while in America at this time, that we must pause a little for that. Strangely enough Stephen Grellet chose summer time for his trip to this tropical country, and much

inconvenience and danger to health were the result. He frequently had to rise at two or three o'clock in the morning to take a journey through the Island before the hottest part of the day; for it is dangerous for white people to be out in that sun after ten A.M. The population of this great, wild, and beautiful Island is almost wholly negro; but it had belonged for a number of years previously to the French. At this time the memory of the famous negro patriot Toussaint-Louverture was fresh in the minds of all the world. Struggling for the independence of his island republic, he had first driven out the British, and had then raised his standard against Napoleon himself. But in this he was defeated, and the unhappy patriot was carried away to France, there to "pine away and die in the dark, damp, cold prison of the Fort of Joux." A few months later the wish of his life was attained, however, though too late for him to see it; the French were driven out also, and independence established in Hayti, although the French language was still universally spoken. These events occurred about a dozen years before Stephen Grellet arrived. We can see that he would be peculiarly interested in such a people under such misfortunes, and that his power to speak to them in their own French language gave him a peculiar opportunity among them.

To turn now to his experiences there,—we get a glimpse of the primitive conditions amid which he moved, when he tells us he started out at two o'clock in the morning on one occasion, and reached the

house of a negro planter high up in the mountains, far from all other settlements, about ten in the morning. This man grew a little coffee, bananas, and Indian corn; but when it came to entertaining guests, he had to send his young daughter several miles away to get some eggs for breakfast. Meantime he asked the travellers to help him learn to read, as he had no other opportunity except from such passers-by, who spared him a few minutes' teaching. What he learned he then taught to his children, who were "nice well-behaved blacks." He was delighted with the present of a New Testament.

As Stephen Grellet travelled, the meetings he held grew larger. He visited the President of the Republic; and one First-day morning he held an immense meeting with 6,000 soldiers in front of the President's palace. Beside him sat the President and some two hundred of his officers; and he was enabled to preach with much power to the great concourse. As the weather was calm, and great stillness prevailed among the people, his voice, he says, was heard distinctly by all. Soon after, the general-in-chief and his staff came to express, on behalf of the soldiery, their gratitude for the meeting. "Oh, if you could come among us once a year only," said a hearer at another meeting, "or let one of your friends come, we should not want to hear anyone else, and should have done entirely with the priests." At yet another place Stephen Grellet speaks of several thousands of people being gathered to hear him, and that he felt

so dismayed at the multitudes that crowded into the town, that "it was as if the weight of the mountains" was upon him. Yet the Lord helped him, and they had "a quiet solemn meeting."

Soon after, three great calamities befell which make this visit to Hayti memorable, and with which we conclude the account of it.

One day as they travelled, he says:—

"It began to rain heavily, and continued to do so in such a manner that at ten o'clock in the evening a general alarm was sounded throughout the town and everybody called out to work to endeavor to put a check to the overflowing waters now rushing into the town, threatening general destruction. The extensive plain round the town was like a sea; the water was from three to six feet deep, and torrents continued to pour down from the mountains. The streams flowing through the streets were like so many rivers. We had truly an awful night. Next morning the whole country round presented nothing but waste and desolation; the most beautiful rich plantations had now not a sign of verdure nor of good soil left; all had either been carried into the sea, or was covered with stones and gravel brought down from the mountains; houses and other buildings, horses and cattle, were in like manner carried away. It was supposed that many of the lives of the inhabitants had been destroyed. Heaps of large trees brought down from the mountains, against which many stones and much sand had accumulated, blocked up the roads. Had we been only an hour

later the preceding evening we must have shared the portion of other travellers who were drowned. . . . I had a very solemn meeting with the people of the town; their minds in affliction were prepared to receive and appreciate the consolations which the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ imparts."

Next day he also had very large meetings with thousands of refugees who had crowded into the town for safety. About two weeks later Stephen Grellet's life was in great danger. He was seized with one of those terrible tropical diseases, one which was said to be more dreaded even than yellow fever. "The disease made such rapid progress that in a few days I was reduced to the greatest weakness, neither the physician nor those about me thought my recovery possible; my limbs were already cold. I was very sensible of my situation, and that my life did now hang on a very slender thread, and that it was proper I should stand prepared for the moment of my departure, should the Lord order it." He therefore gave directions for his funeral and other needful matters. His mind was kept in much calmness by the love of his Saviour, yet he could not but be surprised if the Lord was now to cut short his work, when he had felt himself under such great weight of service in the nations of Europe for the time yet to come. So at the time he was nearest death, his call to these nations came upon him with force, and the words seemed proclaimed secretly in his ear, "Thou shalt indeed visit those nations; the days of thy earthly race are not yet accomplished." And from this he

knew, that he should not die, but recover, and complete his work.

It was while he was still lying in the weak state of this desperate illness, that the third disaster happened. "The night of the 18th," he writes, "was a terrible one on this part of the Island; there was a great hurricane with an earthquake; the total destruction of the place was threatened; many houses were blown away to splinters; those more substantially built were thrown down, and the roofs carried away with their contents." The roof over his own head was torn away, and having at that time a high fever, and being too weak to help himself, he was greatly exposed; the rain fell upon him in torrents. But the Friend who was with him as soon as possible carried him to a sheltered corner. He adds, "All the vessels in the port were sunk, or thrown on their beam-ends, or cast high up on the shore. The water ran through the streets in torrents, and brought down from the mountains, houses, horses, cattle, &c.; men and women, children in cradles, were rescued a short distance only before they reached the sea." Fortunately Stephen Grellet's recovery does not seem to have been hindered by this severe experience; but it is not strange that we hear soon after that he had concluded it was best to leave Hayti and return to the United States.

When once at sea, the pure fresh air began to hasten his recovery; the worst symptoms disappeared, though his limbs were still so weak and swollen that he could not move about much. A

number of young men on board were kind to him; they had recently escaped from ships of pirates at the peril of their lives. They had been enticed from home in the United States by promises of good business opportunities in South America; but when their ships were far away at sea, the practice was for the captains to change flags and declare themselves pirates. Stephen Grellet had himself witnessed their manœuvres off the coast of Hayti in thus changing their flags, usually hoisting the flag of some South American republic. Sometimes there was fighting on board, from the unwillingness of the young men thus caught to submit to the evil plan. So it was with the young men whom Stephen Grellet now met. He held some meetings with them, and they showed much thankfulness at having escaped the dreadful experiences which would have followed capture by pirates. All were now favored to reach New York in safety; and Stephen Grellet, we may well believe, was thankful to find his wife in good health, and to be re-united with her after all the dangers he had passed through.

THIRD EUROPEAN JOURNEY.

He now felt that as soon as able he must devote himself to his business, the burden of which had been resting so long wholly on his partner. He did this for over a year, and with good results. Soon, however, a sense of further religious service prompts this entry in his Journal:—

“The weight of the service which the Lord calls

for from me in Europe, becomes heavier and heavier; my whole mind is at seasons absorbed by it. . . . My first step must be to wind up all my temporal concerns and retire from my business, which has become a prosperous one, whereby I have been able to defray the heavy expenses of my last journey, to provide for my beloved family, and lay up enough to pay my expenses during the extensive service before me. The little substance with which the Lord has blessed me is offered to his service, and a promise made to me years ago, that if I would endeavor faithfully to serve him, he would provide for me everything necessary, is renewed."

Accordingly somewhat less than two years after he returned from Hayti, and four years after the conclusion of his previous or second journey to Europe, he again set sail for England. There his way opened in a remarkable manner: he found that his friend William Allen, whom he had believed the Lord intended as his companion on this journey, already himself felt called to go with him, notwithstanding his many and heavy responsibilities and engagements at home. The difficulty of going to Norway without any knowledge of the language was also unexpectedly solved by the appearance of a man named Enoch Jacobson, a Norwegian, who it was found had been on board the prison-ship filled with prisoners of war to whom Stephen Grellet had preached when last in England, and was there convinced of Friends' principles. This man now offered himself as interpreter to accompany the two Friends,

and being accepted, was found of great value. All things were now ready, and they set sail. The mode of their transportation was a picturesque one; a fishing-smack was chartered for seventy guineas, one of those smacks that go to fish in the deep-sea fisheries off the coast of Norway; and in her they sailed away over the North Sea for that country.

The voyage was a trying one, but they arrived safely, and began distributing Bibles, and seeking out religiously-minded people. They found some more of those who had been convinced of Friends' principles on the prison-ship in England,—doubtless friends of Enoch Jacobson,—and began holding meetings among them, and helping them organize. Then they moved forward over the country, doing similar work as they went. "This part of the country," Stephen Grellet's Journal relates, "is rocky and stony, but very picturesque; there are many small lakes. The people are generally very poor; they subsist mostly by fishing; they have often to pay very dear for the small portion of bread that they eat, and have several times been reduced to the necessity of eating the bark of trees instead of bread. They cultivate a small quantity of oats or barley in little patches here and there among the rocks. Their horses are small ponies, very strong for their size."

Having organized several small Friends' meetings in Norway, they passed over the border into Sweden, the adjoining kingdom. They travelled 420 miles in carriages to reach the capital city, Stockholm. And here soon after arriving they called on the King's.

prime minister, to whom they were fortunate in having obtained letters of introduction. To their surprise he told them that the King had heard of their arrival in his dominions, and had already expressed a desire to see them.

While waiting for a summons to an audience with the King, the Friends held some religious meetings in the family of the prime minister, at one of which they met an interesting and pious Countess from Denmark, who asked Stephen Grellet a number of questions about Friends' views. Later he learned that she had carefully written out his answers, and brought them to him to be made correct, because, as she declared, she meant to give them to the King and Queen of Denmark, who she knew would be much interested. Stephen Grellet replied that he had just intended writing to the King of Denmark and sending him some books. The Countess then offered to take them all to him in person, together with a letter pleading with him to protect those of his subjects who had been convinced of Friends' principles on the prison-ship in England, and were now holding meetings in Denmark. She also gave the Friends letters of introduction to people in Finland and Russia, in order to help them farther on in their journey.

One day the summons came to meet the King that evening,—King Bernadotte of Sweden. The Friends were conducted to a palace of his out in the country. What they had requested was a private audience; so one can imagine their dismay on find-

ing themselves ushered into a full assembly of the court. Here was a great and sumptuous apartment of the palace, full of the King's foremost men, ministers, generals, &c., all in full court dress and uniforms,—a sea of rich attire sparkling with insignia of rank, while they stood there in their plain Quaker dress, and with their Friends' hats on their heads. However, they found themselves received with much kindness and affability, and were soon taken aside to speak with the King. He, too, received them with marked attention, desiring that every liberty be given them to visit any institutions they wished, and asking them to report their observations to him, that he might do good where needed. He added that he would see them again more privately.

A few days later accordingly they were taken to the city palace and brought at once into the King's private chamber, where only the prime minister was present. Here they were closeted for almost two hours in earnest conversation with the monarch, pleading for liberty of conscience and consideration for those holding the free and peaceable principles of Friends. He spoke feelingly of these subjects, and promised them protection, but reminded the Friends that the personal power of Kings to get what they wished is not as great as often supposed. On parting, the King embraced them, and seemed as though he could hardly let them go, following them with his eyes, and with uplifted hand, till they were out of sight.

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

With this interview Stephen Grellet felt that his duty to the Scandinavian nations was completed, and that the call now came from over the Baltic Sea to enter the great Empire of Russia. He therefore soon sailed over the sea to Finland, and after a week or two of travel and service there, approached the Russian capital, St. Petersburg.

The arrival of the Friends in Russia was under depressing circumstances. Winter was just coming on; they found themselves on the far side of the great river Neva, and the floating bridges there in use had all been removed on account of large masses of ice now coming down the river. Under these conditions they had difficulty in finding anyone who would risk the danger of ferrying them across; but as night was approaching, and there was no hotel or place of lodging where they were, there was nothing to do but to press the matter till at last they found a man to take them over, so not without danger and much hardship from the wintry cold, they were finally taken over to the city. Even when they had found a hotel in St. Petersburg, without knowledge of the people or the language, they felt themselves to be indeed "strangers in a strange land."

There was one man, however, whom they most wanted to see—that remarkable well-known English Friend, Daniel Wheeler, who was then living in Russia, not far from the city. Our readers may learn more of him by reading elsewhere,—how he felt that God wished him to leave his home in Eng-

land, and go to live in Russia, and how just then the Czar of Russia was looking for a man to manage the draining of the marshes near his capital, and to bring them under cultivation, and how after his late visit to England he had decided that he wished to get an English Friend. That was why Daniel Wheeler was at this time living and working near St. Petersburg. For Stephen Grellet and William Allen to meet him, however, it would be necessary to cross the river once again. So the three did not meet till the river became solidly frozen over a little later.

The Emperor was at this time absent from the capital, and would not return for several weeks; but before long our Friends resolved to go to see his prime minister, the Prince Galitzin. They found him a man of a Christian spirit, and, no doubt to their surprise and relief, learned that he already knew of them, having heard from the Emperor himself of their visit to him in London. The Prince also said that he had just received a letter from the Emperor telling him to expect them and to treat them as *his friends*. What wonderful Providence! Their anxiety and loneliness now seemed gone; the head of the nation was their friend; the doors of the great empire were thus thrown open to them, as it were, to do such good as they might. The Prince then offered them free access to visit prisons or other institutions as much as they wished. So from now on they began to do much of this prison work; and sorrowful and wretched indeed were the scenes that often met their eyes.

As winter advanced the ice on the River Neva became so thick that they could easily walk over it; and they soon met their friend Daniel Wheeler, and every First-day attended meeting at his house. They also grew more intimate with Prince Galitzin; every Second-day morning they made a habit of spending two hours with him, mostly for religious retirement or consideration of religious subjects. They held such meetings with other persons high in rank, as well as with the poor in prisons and elsewhere.

Before long it seemed right for them to visit another very high personage, Michael, "the Metropolitan," as he is called, the leader of the Greek Catholic Church, the "State Church" of the empire, and a man of very high rank, with power not unlike the Pope at Rome. The Friends felt depressed at the prospect of this ordeal. They went to a large monastery outside of the city to see him. The great prelate, in order to receive these two plain Friends, had put on his rich pontifical garments, reminding them of the high priest of the Jews; "under his large purple robe was a richly embroidered garment; he had a white tiara or mitre on his head, on the front of which was a cross made of emeralds, diamonds, and other precious stones; from a golden chain on his neck hung a fine picture of one of the saints; on his sides were several small and large stars, and in his hands was a large string of amber beads; his beard was long and of a flaxen color."

But another surprise must have been theirs, when they found with what affability this dignitary received

them, how kindly he inquired into their religious principles, and what appreciation and even approval of those principles he expressed. After a very satisfactory interview, they went on to visit the Archbishop of Philaret, who was next under Michael the Metropolitan. Him they found living in much simplicity like a monk in his cell,—a man of great learning, but of great humility, who had a reputation for saintliness which the Friends thought not undeserved. He modestly inquired why Friends do not partake of the “Lord’s Supper;” and by his response to their explanation showed his full appreciation of the deep spiritual principles involved.

Soon after this a new work of very widespread influence opened to Stephen Grellet. He had been visiting some military schools, and had been grieved to find their text-books full of the infidel and immoral sentiments of the French writer Voltaire. As schools of the same character were about to be established all over the Empire, he at once saw what an immense influence for evil would be exerted by those books; and on the other hand what incalculable good might be spread abroad, through the same schools, if good books were used instead. He therefore resolved to compose a book of truth derived from the Scriptures, and try to get the Emperor to accept it for the schools. Day and night, for some time, William Allen and he worked at this task. They cut up several French Bibles into the separate texts desired, and pasted these in the order of the topics they had chosen on fresh sheets of paper, till the new book

was made up for the printer. When finished they laid the little book before the Emperor, and he accepted it as a lesson-book for the schools of the empire. It was soon translated from French into Russian, and afterwards into many other languages, and in time came to be widely used in different countries. A well-informed writer on the subject says: that "though humble in appearance," the little book "was in effect a truly great and blessed work." For many years it was the only translation of most of the Old Testament that the common people of Russia possessed; yet it seemed to contain all the leading truths essential to salvation. "These good men," he adds, "had come to Russia just at the right time. The way was not open sooner, either for their prison or school plans, and a few years later it would have been shut. Thousands and tens of thousands have profited by their plans."

Until these "Bible Lessons" were nearing completion the Friends had not yet seen the Emperor; but a little later, Stephen Grellet writes:—

"On our return to our lodgings we found a messenger from the Emperor waiting for us, with the information that he would receive a visit from us at six that evening. At the hour appointed another messenger came to show us the way to the private apartments of the Emperor. We found him alone, and he received us with great affability, 'like old friends' he said. He made us sit down on a sofa on each side of him, and recurred feelingly to the visit we paid him in London, by which he said his mind was

encouraged and strengthened. He made many inquiries of a religious character. The influence of the Holy Spirit is a subject on which he appears to delight to dwell, being as he calls it, one of the corner stones of the Christian religion; for if a man has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his; and if the things of God can only be known by the Spirit of God, then what hope of salvation can a man have who is destitute of or disregards that Spirit?"

The Friends then gave the conversation a practical turn, telling of the abuses and misery they had found in the prisons; they showed him a sketch they had made of a man who had been loaded with fetters for eighteen years. The Emperor was much affected, and said, "these things ought not to be; they shall not continue so." They then spoke of their little book, the "*Scripture Lessons*," and gave him a brief outline of the contents. The Emperor remained a few moments absorbed in deep thoughtfulness, and then said, "You have done the very thing I was anxious should be done; I had for a long time been contemplating how that mighty engine, public education, might be used for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ. Send me immediately what you have prepared."

The Emperor spoke in strong terms of his regard for Daniel Wheeler, and considered his coming to Russia as a blessing to the people. "It was not," he said, "the cultivation of morasses, nor any outward object, that led me to wish to have some of your Friends come and settle here; but a desire that, by

their genuine piety and uprightness in life and conversation, an example may be set before my people for them to imitate, and your friend Wheeler sets such an example."

Before they separated, the Emperor requested a period of religious devotion; and these three men, of such striking difference in origin, experience and rank, settled down into the solemn silence of spiritual worship together. Soon Stephen Grellet knelt down in prayer; and then the great Czar knelt beside him as a humble suppliant to their common Father. After another short time of silent communion, they separated, having been together for about two hours.

Shortly after this the empress-mother received them in the private apartment of her palace. The attendants stood at a respectful distance while the Friends conversed with her in French. At first she seemed much affected at seeing them, recalling the death of her daughter, the Queen of Wirtemberg whom they had seen in London; she asked them to visit her motherless grandchildren when they should come to Stutgard. They soon opened the subject of the excellent character of the special schools which were under her patronage, but expressed their regret that no schools for girls were to be found among the masses of the people of the empire. They remarked that to this might be partially traced the miserable comfortless manner in which many of the people live, and the prevalent habit of drunkenness among them; whereas, were their houses made comfortable by the

good management of the wives, they might be induced not to spend their time in improper places and in bad company; mothers having received a virtuous education might extend the same toward their offspring.

Stephen Grellet also spoke of the exposure to vice which girls suffered in the present arrangement of the prisons,—“to all which the Empress feelingly assented.” On parting, she said, “I wish to be kept fresh in your prayers.”

The time was now drawing near in which our Friends felt that they must leave the capital, St. Petersburg, and journey on towards the south of Russia. The Emperor hearing of this, directed Prince Galitzin to give them letters of introduction to governors of provinces and to his ambassadors in other nations which they might visit. This fact should be remembered, as indicating the means by which they obtained such remarkable admittance to persons of high rank in various countries. Letters from the Czar of Russia were not to be overlooked or neglected by anyone of however exalted station. The words used in these letters were “to recommend you as being well known to him, the Emperor.”

Stephen Grellet speaks of the partings with Michael the Metropolitan and the Archbishop Philaret. He says, “Our interview with the latter was truly solemn and very contriting; he unfolded to us, in much freedom and Christian tenderness, his religious scruples and exercises, and during a short time spent in silence we witnessed the fellowship of the Spirit.

with one another ; for the baptizing power of Truth was over us. He was much affected on parting, took us in his arms and gave us a kiss of Christian love." He too gave them letters to spiritually-minded people they might visit.

And now came the time of their parting with the Emperor. They were admitted to the palace by a private door and staircase to avoid passing through all the guards, and were received by him with the same cordiality as before. He began by saying that the chains had been taken from the prisoners of whom they told him, and orders had been given for better treatment of all prisoners. He desired them to send him word of anything else worthy of remark in the prisons they should yet visit through Russia. He commended the prompt prison reforms made by his military governor at their instance—that official, having been told sometime before, by the Friends, how filthy the prisons were, and how girls and men, old criminals and young offenders, were all mixed together, each of whom should be kept separate, and having been asked for reform of these abuses replied, "All this *can* be done ;" and when they met him a few days later, he said, "All these things have been done." He had given the prisoners brooms, water, lime, etc., and they had cleansed the prisons themselves. The Emperor continued by telling how the Empress, his mother, spoke to him of their plea for girls' schools ; she had been so impressed that she had at once set apart a large sum of money, and six such schools were about to be started. He then went

on to speak of their "*Scripture lessons*"; he had carefully looked over them, and was delighted; and now would have them introduced into all the schools of his dominions. Towards the close of the interview, the Friends plead with the Emperor on behalf of peace, speaking of the peaceable nature of the Kingdom of Christ, who is love. The Emperor's answer is never to be forgotten; we may almost say it marked a turning point in history. He spoke of how great his soul's travail had been that wars and bloodshed might cease forever from the earth; that he had passed sleepless nights on account of it, deeply deploring the woes and misery brought on humanity by war, and that whilst his mind was bowed before the Lord in prayer, the plan of all the crowned heads joining in the conclusion to submit to *Arbitration* whatever differences might arise among them instead of resorting to the sword, had presented itself to his mind in such a manner, that he rose from his bed and wrote what he then so sensibly felt; that his intentions had been misunderstood or misrepresented by some, but that love to God and to man was his only motive in the Divine sight. He was in Paris at the time he formed that plan.

May we not believe that an inherited knowledge of this great plan of the Emperor Alexander I., made about the year 1815, may have suggested the action of the present Emperor of Russia, Nicholas II., from which has arisen the great Hague Tribunal for arbitration between nations in our own day? When the time came for the Friends to take leave of the Em-

peror, he said: "Finally, I have one more request to make, that before we separate, we silently unite once more in waiting on the Lord, if so be that He condescend to give us a manifestation of His divine life and presence as He did on former occasions." Once more, and for the last time, these three friends bowed together in solemn silence before the King of Kings. Soon Stephen Grellet felt urged by the love of Christ in his heart to speak a few words, encouraging the Emperor to hold fast in the ways of the Lord unto the end, relying on Him to preserve him from all evil, and to strengthen him in every good work. The Emperor, he says, "was bathed in tears." Then William Allen bowed down in prayer for the Emperor and his people. The Emperor knelt beside him, and after the prayer was ended continued for some time in the same prostrate attitude. They then separated.

Next day a message came from the Empress Elizabeth, the Emperor's wife, requesting a visit from the Friends, if they could possibly spare a little of their time to her. (The Empress they had seen before was his mother.) She received them in a very modest way, even apologizing for her request; she had for some time wished for an interview, but had been fearful to propose it. They saw that her heart was tender and receptive, and as they spoke to her of heavenly things, she was melted into tears. "From what she told us," writes Stephen Grellet, "it is evident that Jesus the Saviour is precious to her. She is of a retired character, is seldom seen in public

when she can avoid it; her dress is generally very simple; when she goes out she has only a plain two-horse carriage with the simple cipher E upon it, whereas all the nobles have generally four horses to their equipages and the Empress-mother has six."

We have dwelt at some length upon these royal interviews, and the other events at the capital, not only on account of their human interest, but because they show the method by which Stephen Grellet was led to his great success. He aimed at the rulers of nations, and through them as from fountain-heads he brought benefits to countless numbers of their people. Influencing these rulers for good, both spiritually and also practically in the way of securing reforms, he inevitably brought good to the masses over whom they ruled. His divinely given boldness and tact, combined with providentially arranged circumstances, gave him access to the most exalted personages, and by testifying simply and directly to the Saviour in their presence, he touched the springs of life in them, and started actions of untold breadth of significance.

Is it not marvelous how near he gets to the hearts of Emperor and Empresses, Kings and Queens? They are used to pomp and ceremony, conventions and adulations, and all the opulent ritual of their state religions. But here comes a simple man, who does not even remove his hat in their presence, who speaks straight to their hearts of eternal realities, and they are brought to tears, so fresh and new and blessed is it all. The equality of men before God, and that all may be as friends and find sincere sym-

pathy as equals in His presence ; the joy of being brought straight to the throne of grace, and in silent communion finding God Himself as their leader and helper,—all these things deeply touched and tendered the royal men and women to whom Stephen Grellet was thus led, and strengthened them to promote good among myriads of people.

In the case of the Emperor Alexander, this kind of religion, "Christianity reduced to its simplest terms," as Quakerism has been defined, especially harmonized with some previous experiences and spiritual openings. The Friends learned something from the Prince Galitzin just before they departed. The Emperor himself had indeed told them something of it,—how, though his education was not favorable to true religion, and for prayers he knew only the forms of the Greek Church, yet at times after retiring at night, so strong had been the convictions of sin committed by day, that he had to rise from bed, and on his knees entreat the Lord's forgiveness with tears ; but how by degrees these convictions grew fainter, and with dissipation, sin gained more and more ascendancy over him. In the year 1812, however, he had told them, his religious sensibility was powerfully renewed ; a pious person advised him to read the Bible, which he had not even seen before then, but which he now "devoured" as the thing most suited to his need ; and the divine Spirit also became his inward teacher and interpreter of Truth. The "pious person" alluded to was none other than the Prince Galitzin himself, who had been

brought up with the Emperor, and now gave the Friends a further account of the events in 1812.

In that year (he said) when the information was received at St. Petersburg that the armies of Napoleon had entered Moscow, a general panic came upon the inhabitants, and they packed up their valuables to take flight into some more secure place; for they expected the French would soon march for that city. The Emperor was prepared to go with the body of troops collected there to oppose them. Prince Alexander Galitzin had at that time many men employed in repairing his palace, which he continued calmly to go on with, whilst so many others were panic-stricken. Some envious persons told the Emperor what he was doing, and that he must be a traitor. He went to the Prince and queried, "Galitzin, what are you doing? What means all this? Everyone prepares to flee, and you are building." "Oh," said the Prince, "I am here in as safe a place as any I could flee to; the Lord is my defence, in Him I trust." "Whence have you such confidence?" replied the Emperor, "Who assures you of it?" "I feel it in my heart," answered the Prince, "and it is also stated in this divinely inspired volume"—holding forth the Bible to the Emperor. By some inadvertent motion of the hand the Bible fell upon the floor—open. "Well, permit me," said the Prince, "to read to you in that very place on which the Bible lies open before us." It was the 91st Psalm; on hearing which the Emperor stood for awhile like a man astonished. The army during that time was

marching out of the city. It is the usual practice on such occasions, or when the Emperor is about to be absent for a length of time, that the last place he leaves is their great "church." He repaired there; the portion of Scripture read on the occasion was again the 91st Psalm. The Emperor sent for the priest, and queried, "Who told you to make choice of that particular passage of Scripture this day?" He replied "that nobody had done it, but that he had desired in prayer that the Lord would direct him to the particular portion of the inspired volume he should read to encourage the Emperor, and that he apprehended that Psalm was the word of the Lord to him." The Emperor proceeded some distance on his way; and late in the evening he felt his mind under great seriousness, and desired that the Bible should be read to him. When the person who came in for that purpose began, he also read the 91st Psalm. The Emperor, interrupting him, queried, "Who told you to read this?" Has Galitzin told you?" He replied that he had not seen the Prince, nor had anyone told him what to read; but that on being told he was sent for to read to the Emperor from the Bible, he had desired that the Lord would direct him to what was most appropriate for the occasion, and accordingly he had selected this portion of Scripture. The Emperor felt astonished at this, and paid the greater attention to what was read, believing that this must be of the Lord's ordering; he was therefore very solemnly and tenderly impressed, and from that time he concluded, morning and evening, to read privately a chapter of the Bible.

Thus the Russian Emperor was started in the Christian course in which Stephen Grellet found him at this time, seven years later. Soon after their final interview with the Prince, the Friends departed on their long journey for Moscow and the south of Russia; they travelled in a kind of large covered sleigh which they had bought. It was the middle of Third Month, 1819.

Many of our readers will have heard of the Doukhobors, that strange sect among the Russian peasants, who in recent years emigrated from Russia to Canada to escape persecution for their peace principles, and have been so freely befriended by the Society of Friends both of England and America. The first time Friends ever came in touch with them seems to have been when Stephen Grellet now visited their village on the River Dnieper in southern Russia. He had some conference, and tried to have a meeting with them; but the strange character of their "sunrise service" made this difficult, and they were uneasy at his communications; for he had received the impression, probably in part true, that their beliefs were far from orthodox, and he was under deep anxiety for their condition. In later years, however, it was reported that he made a remarkable prophecy while among them: "That they would be exiled and finally banished from their native land after they had been robbed, imprisoned and sorely persecuted, in some instances even unto death, and that when they were settled in that foreign country, among a people of a different language, they would be visited by mem-

bers of his Soceity, and then they would prosper.* This has of course been fulfilled in our own day. The visit of Stephen Grellet among them was remembered by one of their patriarchs, Joan Mahortoo, eighty years after, when they had come to Canada. Till recently he was still living among them there, and has related these events to visiting Friends of recent times.

One reason of Stephen Grellet's strong impression of the unorthodoxy of the Doukhobors may have been his previous visit to another sect whose opinions had caused him the highest degree of satisfaction, the Molokans or "Spiritual Christians" of Russia. On having a conference with them he found them to resemble Friends in almost every point of doctrine and principle, except that they seemed to permit their young men to join the army. He also had one or two solemn and remarkable meetings for worship with them, held after the manner of Friends. To one of these the Friends took a prelate of the Greek church, to whom Archbishop Philaret had introduced them,—Macarius, a man of much humility, simplicity and religious tenderness. After the meeting closed, "Macarius remained for some time absorbed in silent meditation, then with a flood of tears he cried out, 'In what a state of darkness and ignorance have I been? I thought I was alone in these parts endeavoring to walk in the light of the Lord, to wait for and sensibly to feel the influences of His Spirit, so as to be able to worship Him in spirit and in truth; and

* Joseph Elkinton, "The Doukhobors," Phila., 1903, p. 253.

behold, how great has been my darkness, so that I did not discover that blaze of light here round about me, among a people poor in the world, but rich in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.'” Stephen Grellet's own feeling is expressed thus: “to become acquainted and mingle with these dear people would alone well repay all our toil in coming to this nation.” About 100,000 of these Molakans were then living scattered over Russia.

Early one morning, when the Friends were about to leave the country, some of the Molakans were at the door before daylight to bid farewell and according to custom give them bread for their journey in the desert. “A venerable looking man, with his long beard and sheepskin covering, appeared very desirous to go with us a little way; he got in and sat between us; we could not converse with one another, but there is a language more forcible than words; he held each of us by the hand; big tears rolled down on his venerable beard; we rode on several versts in solemn and contriting silence, till we came to a water which we had to pass, when he took us into his arms with the greatest affection, kissed us, and got out of the carriage; on looking back we saw him prostrated on the ground in the act of worship or prayer to God; and after he rose, as long as we could discern him, he stood with his face towards us, his hands lifted up.” This seemed like a farewell from the people of Russia; and the Friends journeyed on into the desert plains or “steppes” of the Crimea.

Now fresh scenes greet their eyes. They speak

of seeing "several herds of camels, flocks of large birds and some large eagles. Wolves are very common on these steppes, and are so bold that they sometimes attack travellers. We passed by a large one lying on the ground with an eagle by his side, which had probably attacked him, its talons nearly buried in his back; in the struggle both had died." They saw wild horses also; in the dry country a kind of wild watermelon was found in abundance which served as a refreshment for man and beast. Then they began to see villages of the Tartars, and stopping one night near one of their huts found they had for company Tartars, Turks, Greeks, as well as Russians, a Pole, &c., showing that they were approaching new countries and the southern peoples of the Mediterranean.

Crossing the Black Sea they came to Constantinople, but did not stay long, as the plague was in that city, and grew worse soon after. They proceeded to the large city of Smyrna in Asia Minor, but fortunately again soon departed; for in a few days a dangerous uprising of the Turks occurred, threatening massacre to the Christians; the peril was averted by the presence of European men-of-war. The plan of the Friends was to cross the Ægean Sea, visiting some of the beautiful Greek islands on the way, and so come to Athens.

One day accordingly they set out from Smyrna in a row-boat or sort of large canoe, five men in all, with their baggage, hoping to reach the Island of Scio in twenty-four hours. But before long a dangerous

gale arose, and though they tried to keep the waves from filling the boat by covering it with their cloaks and baling out the water with all their might, they were only too glad to reach a little desert island on the way ; and in a few minutes after, such a furious storm broke that they must certainly have lost their lives had they remained out upon the sea. Here they made a sort of tent of oars and sails, and the others went in search of water, leaving Stephen Grellet alone in the camp. Two boat-loads of Turks were observed to land also ; and now he relates : "Some of the Turks came and sat down at the entrance of the tent, having with them fire-arms, their large swords and poignards ; they began to fire their guns and pistols at blank marks, and by their signs urged me to show my fire-arms ; they were beginning to be rude, when my company, attracted by the firing, returned ; they at first thought I had been murdered ; the Turks then retired to their boats, where they continued during the night. . . . Our greatest difficulty was want of water ; we in vain sought for some ; neither could we discover any fish near the island, nor any birds on it ; scorpions are very numerous." They stayed out the storm, however, and finally reached Scio ; there they got a larger boat, one of about five tons, with three sailors to manage it, and proceeded farther among the islands. "One day," he writes, "we met a vessel, the crew of which told us that last night they were chased by pirates, in two large row-boats full of men. They had fired several times at them, but their vessel

sailing well had enabled them to escape. This was unpleasant information; but as it was now noon we hoped to escape them. As we were going between two islands we discovered at a distance a row-boat which we thought might be a fisherman, and we kept on our course; but the wind dying away we saw two other boats join it and come towards us. Our captain soon knew them to be pirates of the worst kind, who destroy lives, sink the vessel, and carry away only the plunder. We were very near an inlet, but there was no wind, and the boat too clumsy to be acted on by our oars. Meanwhile the pirates had come very near us. It did not appear that we could escape their merciless hands; when He who commandeth the wind and the sea and they obey Him, caused the wind to blow from the very direction which took our boat fast as the flight of a bird right into the inlet of the island, where the pirates dared not venture. Had not the Lord thus in mercy interposed, a few minutes more would probably have ended our mortal lives. . . . Our Greeks appeared to be sensible of the wonderful escape."

Having come through these dangers of the *Ægean* Islands, and crossed Greece by way of Athens and Corinth, on reaching the Adriatic Sea, William Allen was taken with a violent fever, which seemed for a time to threaten his life, after recovery from which to some extent, it was felt necessary for him to return to England to secure complete recovery. So, after a sad leave-taking from the companion of so many remarkable experiences and difficulties, he de-

parted, and Stephen Grellet was left in much loneliness to proceed on his way to Italy, with its momentous prospect. We recall how six years before he had attempted to enter Italy and reach Rome, but had been "forbidden by the Holy Ghost." We may remember also how he had come to Genoa, when there seemed to be thick darkness before him to forbid his advance, while a bright path of light seemed to lead him back over the Alps to Geneva. But now he had completed his great circuit of eastern Europe, and armed with the commendations of the Emperor of Russia and other dignitaries, he was ready to enter Italy, press forward to see the Pope in Rome, and so fulfil the service which for years he had anxiously desired. He says at this time that in spite of loneliness in the loss of his companion, ignorance of his future course, and expectation of trouble and persecution awaiting him, yet his own way opened with *brightness* to go into Italy.

One man should be mentioned as a great means of helping him forward, Sir Thomas Maitland, commander of the British forces in the Mediterranean. The Friends had a letter of introduction to him from the British Ambassador at Constantinople; he also had letters from England recommending them to his kind attention. They met him on the west coast of Greece, presented their letter, and were received with much kindness. He gave Stephen Grellet a letter of introduction to the prime minister of the King at Naples, and another to the prime minister of the Pope in Rome, both of which were of the

greatest service in securing him attention. The general also offered Stephen Grellet the use of one or two of his war vessels to convey them to Italy; but he replied that he could not conscientiously go upon a ship of war, since he was bound upon an errand of peace.

Arrived in Naples,—not without passing through some fears and dangers from banditti as he rode over the hills of southern Italy,—Stephen Grellet arranged for an interview with the prime minister of the Italian King, the Chevalier de Medici, to whom he had sent his letter. Going to the official apartments, Stephen Grellet writes:—

“I found in the ante-chamber a great number of persons of all ranks, waiting to have an audience with him; they surveyed me closely, whispering to one-another what kind of a being I might be, thus to appear with my hat on. I was not left long among them; for it appears that the Chevalier had given orders to his attendants to admit me in his private cabinet as soon as I came. He made me sit by him, and proceeded to inquire into the nature of the engagements I had had in the different nations where I had travelled; then he was very particular in his inquiries into the nature of our various principles and practices. The reading of my certificates, the short account I gave him of the order maintained in our Society, the manner in which our meetings are held, &c., pleased him much. He offered to give me orders for admittance to all their prisons, or any other place I might wish to visit, requesting only

that I would impart to him what I might see to which he could possibly apply some remedy. I made several attempts to withdraw, knowing that many persons were in waiting; but he was not ready to let me go till we had been above an hour together, and then he accompanied me through the ante-chamber, where so many were waiting, to the further door; they gazed at me, whilst they bowed very low to the Chevalier, as we passed on."

Stephen Grellet at once began the painful and exhausting work of visiting the wretched prisons of Naples. "My bodily fatigue," he writes "is small compared to the anguish of mind I have endured. I do not remember that in any day of my life I have been with so many fellow-beings so totally depraved and hardened. Cages of very unclean birds I have been in. Many of the inmates of both sexes and even children have committed atrocious crimes. I saw fifteen in one cell who are condemned to death. Their crimes are of the deepest dye, and they do not show the least sense of their situation. My attempt to represent to them the awful doom that awaits them shortly, unless by sincere repentance they seek for mercy and forgiveness, appeared to have no more effect than the dropping of water on the flinty rock. Some boys who are there at the early age of eleven years have perpetrated several murders. I endeavored to turn them from darkness to light and from sin and Satan to God; but I do not know that a single individual, out of several thousand I have been with this day, has given the least sign of sorrow for his evil deeds.

Feeling that he must hasten on to Rome, he set out in a few days. The fear of banditti continues, and one dreadful comment shows how real is the danger: "Every few miles," he says, "I beheld the horrible sight of human flesh hanging on posts by the sides of the road, near the places where murders have been committed, giving evidence that they have been many. Some of these (murderers) appear to have been quartered only a few days before; but notwithstanding all this, robberies and murders are no less frequent, especially in the Pope's territory."

Arriving at last at "the imperial City," Rome, he learned that the prime minister of the Pope, the Cardinal Consalvi, was to give one of his public audiences that very evening, at which time all petitioners might approach him. Stephen Grellet resolved to attend, and present his letters of introduction. So, though weary and anxious, he hastened to the Quirinal, the palace of the Pope. "I did not know how to act (he writes), or what to do; I was alone; I knew nobody; but I thought I would take notice of what others did. I first came into a spacious hall, near the foot of the stairs that lead up to the Pope's apartments; here was collected a large company of priests, monks, military, private citizens, strangers from several nations; many of them had papers or rolls of paper in their hands, which I considered might be their petitions, so I had my letters from Maitland and Medici ready. We waited nearly an hour, during which I plainly saw that my dress and hat attracted general observation,—whispering, querying who I

could be. They all were uncovered. After a while there was a general bustle among the company. They went out into a large corridor extending from the stair-case, and stood in rows on each side with papers in their hands. I took my station with them in the ranks. As the Cardinal came on, each, as he passed, presented his papers, which were placed in the hands of his attendants. Some tried to kiss his hand, others his feet. As he came towards me, by my dress he probably recognized who I was, so that before I could hand him the letters, he politely asked, 'Are you not Mr. Grellet?' to which answering in the affirmative, he said, 'Please to call on me at my own palace to-morrow morning,' and I gave him the letters I had for him. We may well imagine the surprise and relief that this greeting afforded Stephen Grellet."

The interview with the Cardinal next day was much like that with the King's prime minister at Naples,—the same crowds of suitors waiting while Stephen Grellet was heard, the same inquiries as to his travels and principles. He took occasion, however, with much boldness "to expose pretty fully some superstitions of the Romish Church," to report the evil conduct of their missionaries in Greece, "the unchristian and unbecoming conduct of those who, in the south of Russia, did hang and then burn the Scriptures, and of the public burning of the Bible at Naples by the bishop and his clergy." The Cardinal did not take offense at these criticisms, but agreed that such acts as he reported were to be con-

demned, since they "militate against religion." He then asked Stephen Grellet how he could serve him, and being requested for permission to visit prisons and other public establishments, made way for him to do so.

Next day Stephen Grellet was accordingly taken to one of their secret prisons, where he found a complete system of spies for watching the prisoners. The cells are so constructed that the keepers succeed in becoming acquainted with what the prisoners say to one another. They have very high ceilings in which there is an opening which appears to be intended only for a ventilator, but here a man is stationed who can hear nearly every word spoken in the cell. They place in the same cell such as have been connected together in crimes, that they may be encouraged to converse with each other. The person whose business it is to hearken to what the prisoners say is particularly attentive to be at his station before the prisoners are taken out to be interrogated, and on their return also; on which occasions they are often heard to agree on what they shall say, and to talk on what occurred during the interrogation, and thus they commit themselves.

At another place they came into a lofty apartment with many small chambers opening into it, where opposite to each door was a boy, cleanly dressed, with a spinning wheel; all seemed industrious, and profound silence prevailed among them. It seemed to be a pleasant sight; but casting my eyes downward, I observed that every boy had a chain at his ankle,

allowing him to go only from his cell to his wheel. Then I beheld several inclined blocks, with stocks to confine hands and feet, and knotted chords and whips near them. Inquiring the meaning of all this, "O," said the priests, "these are the places where they receive their correction morning and evening on their bare backs." "Is this," I queried, "the method whereby you bring about such great reform among these boys? You may indeed excite the angry passions in them by such doings, but you will never change their evil heart."

"After seeing so much evil," he continues, "I had a suffering night; my mind was under great distress; I feel at times as if I was among lions and serpents, and as if I was treading over scorpions; and yet amidst these feelings, it is laid upon me to try to visit the inquisition; thus to go into the lion's den." The inquisition was a tribunal or system of courts in the Roman Church, for the seaching out, trial and punishment of heretics. It had been credited with inflicting the most dreadful tortures, secret imprisonments and murders, and had burnt at the stake thousands of men and women convicted of heresy. Though such proceedings had largely passed away, the horror of the name remained, and bred continual suspicion of secret treacheries. Stephen Grellet now desired to examine the institution for himself.

That very evening he was told that there was "a great outcry raised among some of the cardinals and others at the liberty granted me to pry into their secret things." He began to feel that he was in dan-

ger ; but he was not one to turn back or be afraid.

A few days later the Cardinal Consalvi sent him a letter for Miranda the inquisitor, also asking him to come again to the palace. It seems that Stephen Grellet had not only asked admittance to the Inquisition, but had told the cardinal that he felt he "should not be acquitted in the divine sight" unless he attempted to have a private interview with the Pope himself. The cardinal evidently thought this difficult to grant, and tried to avoid it ; but Stephen Grellet now asked that the cardinal accompany him on such a visit, and be his interpreter. He replied that as prime minister it would not do for him to go in with him, as the other cardinals might take offense at it. Stephen Grellet then asked that some reliable person might be chosen to accompany him who would make a faithful report of what passed, a thing which seemed very necessary, as the jealousy of several of the cardinals was already greatly excited against him. As we shall see, this was done.

Under such circumstances he naturally wondered what might befall him in the Inquisition ; for the time had now come to visit the secret buildings where it was held. But committing himself to the Lord he started forth with his interpreter to see Father Miranda, the chief inquisitor, who was a monk in the convent of the Dominicans. He gave him the letter from the cardinal, which was a request to give Stephen Grellet every information he might wish as to the manner in which the inquisition had been conducted in former years, and also how it was

then managed, and likewise to show him every part of it. The accounts of the inquisition given him by several persons in Rome were very contradictory; some said it was still in full force, only conducted with more secrecy; others stated that it had been totally abolished for some years,—that when foreigners were found to be heretics, they were mostly banished from the country by the police; while citizens of Rome were sent to certain convents, where their most severe punishment was to be kept in solitude on low diet while efforts were made to reclaim them. He thus relates what he himself saw:—

“The inquisition stands near the Church of St. Peter. The entrance is into a spacious yard in which nothing is in view but extensive and sumptuous buildings containing their very large library, paintings, &c. On the left hand is a door hardly to be noticed, which opens through a very thick wall into an open place, round which are buildings of three stories with many cells. These cells or small prisons are very strongly built; the walls are of great thickness, all arched over. Some were appropriated to men, others to women. There was no possibility for any of the inmates to see or communicate with each other. The prison of Molinos (a Romanist of George Fox’s day, holding views much like Friends) . . . was particularly pointed out. I visited also the prisons, or cellars underground, and was in the place where the inquisitors sat, and where tortures were inflicted on the poor sufferers; but everything bore marks that for many years these abodes of misery had not been

at all frequented. As we went on I heard the secretary say something to my interpreter about the *Secret Library*. I therefore asked him to take me there. He took me to the large *Public Library*. I told him this was not what I wished to see, but the *Secret* one. He hesitated, stating that it was a secret place where there could be no admittance; that the priests themselves were not allowed to enter there. I told him that the orders that had been read to him were to show me everything, that if he declined to show me this I might conclude that he kept other places concealed from me, that therefore I could not contradict the reports I had heard even in Rome that the Inquisition was secretly conducted with the ancient rigor. On which he brought me into the *Secret Library*. It is a spacious place, shelved round up to the ceiling, and contains books, &c., condemned by the Inquisition after they have read them. . . . I carefully looked for Friends' books, but found none; there are many Bibles in several languages; whole editions of some thousand volumes of the writings of Molinos. After spending a long time in this place of much interest, the secretary said, 'You must now come and see my own habitation.' . . . Here are the records of the inquisition for many centuries to the present time. I looked in some of their books from the 15th century. They are kept as the books of a merchant's journal and ledger, so that looking in the ledger for any name, and turning thence to the various entries in the journal, a full statement is found, from the entrance of the poor suf-

ferer into the inquisition to the time of his release or death, and in what way it took place, by fire or other tortures or by natural death. The kind of tortures he underwent at each examination is described, and also what confessions were extorted from him. All these books are alphabetically arranged. By examining those of late date to the present day I find that the statement given me by Father Miranda of the manner in which the inquisition is now conducted is entirely correct. I could have spent days in this place; but the examination of some of the books of several centuries gave a pretty full view of the whole subject."

This is an examination that probably very few have made, or are allowed to make. He went away feeling that he had fully proven that the cruelties and treachery of past centuries were no longer practised in the Roman Church.

Three days later word reached him that the Pope would be ready to receive him on the following evening. At last he was to reach the goal of his endeavors for years past. He was to be brought face to face, in private conference, with that august personage whose almost world-wide rule in things religious he had met with in many lands, a rule beneath which he himself had been reared in childhood, and which he had been taught to revere with an almost superstitious awe, and which for ages past had exercised dominion over even the kings of the earth, shaping the history of nations by its potent influence.

At the time named he went to the papal palace. Here he expected to find a certain priest to accompany him to the presence of the Pope; but to his surprise no one was there who knew anything of his coming. "There is something in this I cannot understand, unless it be that the priests and others are much displeased, as I hear, at my having visited their holy things, as they call the inquisition."

Evidently suspecting some trickery to prevent the interview, he returned to the palace next morning to see what he could learn, and with some difficulty obtained a few words with the cardinal. The latter said that the Pope was disappointed, having expected him yesterday; the priest also who should have accompanied him said that "monks, priests, and even cardinals, are some of them under great excitement and irritation, highly offended at my having profaned their holy places." Some of them no doubt were especially sore at his reporting their misapplication of money to their own use; as well as jealous of the favor shown him by the Cardinal Consalvi. The cardinal, however, declared that he was ready to serve him notwithstanding all this, and undertook to arrange another interview with the Pope. This was successful. After another day's delay, Stephen Grellet was to present himself at the palace at noon. This placed him indeed in a new difficulty; for he had just concluded,—probably on account of the growing difficulty and danger,—that it was right for him to leave Rome, and he had engaged his seat in the stage-coach leaving for Flor-

ence at one o'clock, just an hour after the time for his audience with the Pope. Again the cardinal helped him, promising to have the coach held until the audience was over. With what thoughts must Stephen Grellet have entered those stately buildings, the temporal home of the greatest religious hierarchy of the world! The priest was awaiting him; they passed through several great apartments, in which the ~~papal~~ military guard, with all the pomp of a worldly monarch, was stationed. What followed may best be related in his own words:

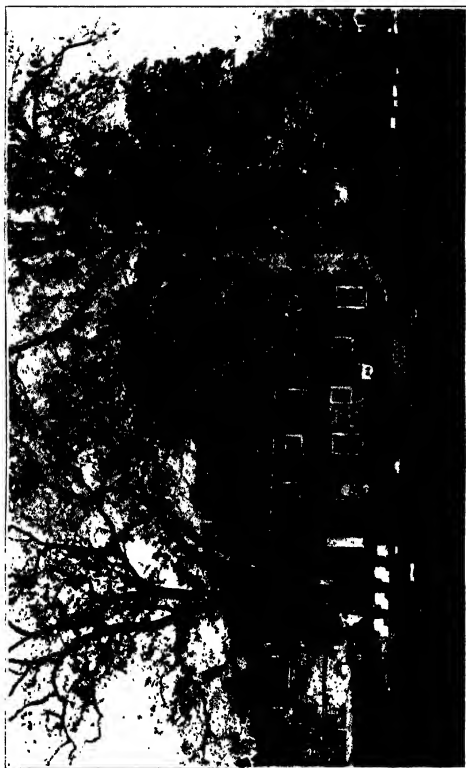
"Thence we entered into the private apartments; the hangings about the windows, coverings of the chairs, &c., were all of brown worsted, or silk of the same color, all very plain. In a large parlor were several priests; among these the one provided to go in with me to the Pope. One dressed like a cardinal, but who is the Pope's valet de chambre, opened the door of his cabinet, and said in Italian, 'The Quaker has come;' when the Pope said, 'Let him come in;' on which the priest, who was to act as interpreter, led me in, no one else being present. As I was entering the door, someone behind me gently but quickly took off my hat, and before I could look for it the door was quietly closed upon us three. The Pope is an old man, very thin, of a mild serious countenance. The whole of his apartment is very plain. He was sitting before a table; his dress was a long robe of fine white worsted, and a small cap of the same (the cardinals have it red); he had a few papers and books before him; he rose from his seat when I

came in, but as he is but feeble, he soon sat down again. He had read my reports to the cardinal respecting many of the visits I had made in Rome to prisons, &c. ; he entered feelingly on some of these subjects, and intends to see that the treatment of prisoners and of the poor boys in the house of correction, and various other subjects that I have mentioned, should be attended to, so that Christian tenderness and care be exercised. He reprobates the conduct of their missionaries in Greece ; also the burning of the Holy Scriptures by the priests and bishops. . . . On the subject of the inquisition, he said he was pleased I had seen for myself what great changes had been brought about in Rome in this respect ; that it was a long time before he could have it effected ; that he had made many efforts to have similar alterations introduced into Spain and Portugal ; had succeeded in part in having the inquisition in those nations conducted with less rigor, but was far from having yet obtained his wishes." "Men," he said, "think that a Pope has plenitude of power in his hands, but they are much mistaken ; my hands are greatly tied in many things." He, however, expressed the hope that the time was not far distant when inquisitions everywhere will be totally done away.

With much boldness Stephen Grellet then spoke what was on his heart, even declaring the gross evils he had seen among Catholic priests in many lands, and urging what were the true qualifications for ministering the things of God. Several times the Pope

said, looking at the priest present, "These things are true"; to which the priest replied, "They are so." "Finally," adds Stephen Grellet, "as I felt the love of Christ flowing in my heart towards him, I particularly addressed him: I alluded to the various sufferings he underwent from the hands of Napoleon; the deliverance granted him from the Lord, and queried whether his days were not lengthened out to enable him to glorify God, and exalt the name of the Lord our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, as the only Head of the Church, the only Saviour, to whom alone every knee is to bow, and every tongue is to confess; that such a confession from him in his old age would do more towards the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the promotion of his glory than the authority of all the Popes, his predecessors, was ever able to do; moreover that thereby his sun, now near setting, would go down with brightness, and his portion in eternity would be with the sanctified ones in the joys of his salvation. The Pope, while I thus addressed him, kept his head inclined and appeared tender; then rising from his seat, in a kind and respectful manner he expressed a desire that 'the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I go'; on which I left him."

Passing out the door, Stephen Grellet's hat was returned to him with the excuse that the same thing was done when Friends appeared before the King of England. The attendants also said, "The Pope must have been much pleased with your visit, for we have never known him to give half so much time to anybody in a private audience, nor conversing with



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, BURLINGTON, N. J.
(From the burial ground in the rear. The graves of Stephen Grellet, his
wife and daughter are at the left.)

them as he has done with you." The priest who had been with them was very tender, and now took leave of Stephen Gréllet in great affection. The Cardinal Consalvi also met him as he came down from the Pope's apartment, and in Christian love they now took a solemn farewell of one another. As promised, Stephen Gréllet found that the coach for Florence had been held for him long after its hour; and now he was soon speeding away from Rome, leaving behind all the difficulties and dangers of the papal city; an immense load was rolled off from his shoulders, and henceforth he was free to delight in the free air, the sunshine and glorious skies of northern Italy, and to rest!

This we take to have been the culmination of Stephen Gréllet's life. But though he had thus attained an object which had been much desired for years, he did not rest; his tireless labors continued up through Switzerland and Germany, in France and the British Isles. At Geneva he met William Allen again, now restored to health, and he saw him later once more in England. He had weighty interviews with the King of Bavaria, and the King of Wirtemberg; he saw his aged mother once again, now past 80; and at last, after so many wondrous experiences and wanderings he sailed for home, and was greeted in New York by his dear wife and daughter, full of praise and thanksgiving to God for his preserving power. So ended this remarkable third embassy to Europe; it was the Eighth Month, 1820, and he recalled that he had been absent two

years and two months, and had travelled about twenty-two thousand miles.

VARIED RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN AMERICA.

The scene now changes; four years have rolled by; and we now see Stephen Grellet for a brief period,—travelling over the western prairies of our own land; he had already journeyed thousands of miles in the United States and Canada in those years; and now, led by a clear sense of the Lord's will, was making his way in the central west. His aim was to reach the Mississippi, and thence go by water to New Orleans and back. How different the scenes from those in which we have last seen him: instead of the crowded cities of Europe, we see him on the flowery prairies where thousands of the wild buffalo were still to be found; instead of the jewelled courts of princes, he is now crowded with the rough and ribald settlers of the Mississippi; and instead of laboring among the wholesome peasantry of the Old World, his anxiety now is for the sweltering masses of the negro slaves of the cruel "black belt" of the South. We see him embark on one of the crude old-fashioned river steamers at St. Louis, for the long trip of 1000 miles to New Orleans. He converses with pioneers from the remote northwest near the Rocky Mountains, listens to their stories of the buffalo, of how the ice in the winter was five feet thick, and how some of them had travelled 700 miles beyond the mountains, by the Lake of the Woods, in sledges drawn by teams of dogs. One day

his steamboat overtook a flat-boat loaded with 40,000 skins of deer, buffalo and bear from far up in the country; it made fast to their steamer, but in the night was seriously damaged by a "snag." Repeatedly they came upon large steamboats wrecked by "snags, sawyers or planters," as different kinds of loose trees were called,—or imbedded in sad-bars without hope of release for months to come. All the while, as they went farther, he realized that he was among coarse and evil men; at night, unruliness prevailed, with gambling, drunkenness and profanity. Yet when he retired to his own stateroom for worship and devotion he found that "the voice of the Lord uttered in the secret of the heart was mightier than the voice of many waters, yea, than the tumultuous songs and revellings of the drunkard." He held many meetings on the boat to endeavor to recall the people to right living.

The evidences of slavery on the shore were also very grievous to him. He even found members of the Society of Friends who, having settled in those parts, were involved, against their conscience and almost against their wills, in the wicked system and had become large slave-holders. "I think that the yoke of bondage," says he, "under which they have placed themselves, is heavier than that of their slaves." He met one wealthy slave-owner, however, who three years before had been converted, and in the love of Christ had felt that he must love his slaves for whom Christ died. He began to think of them as brethren, and to long for their salvation as for

his own. He had about 400 slaves on his plantation. At once he saw that they would hardly believe in his love for their souls, unless he bettered the condition of their bodies; so calling them all together, he told them what the Lord had done for him, and then added: "From this day the lash of the whip shall no more be lifted upon you; your food and clothing shall be increased; rest when you are tired; and when sick, I do not wish you to work, but to be well cared for." The slaves were amazed at such words; but soon showed that they were disposed to do their best for him and to show love in return. Some time after, a company of the rich planters for miles around gathered together and came to this good master, and with loud complaints declared:—

"You are likely to ruin us all by what you have done, and to cause our lives to be destroyed as well; it has set our slaves in such a ferment of discontent."

"Why, what have I done," replied this master, "to cause all that?"

"You give so much liberty to your slaves," they answered, "you treat them so well. In their meetings they can now plot to murder us all."

"If that is all," he replied, "I can only advise you to do as I have. So far from being ruined myself, my income has nearly doubled, and my life has never been more safe. Some years ago, like you I never went out without being armed, and at night like you I kept my sword, pistols and gun close by my bed; the barking of a dog, the rustling of the trees alarmed me. But now I believe any one of my slaves would

risk his life for mine. Go and try the same plan for yourselves."

In other parts of the south, Stephen Grellet saw similar conditions. During a meeting in Savannah an alarm of fire threw the people into a state of fear, thinking it might be the signal of an uprising among the slaves; and at such times the whites often flew to arms. One evening the master of the house where he was staying came in with a dozen neighboring planters, all armed, and sat down to supper. Stephen Grellet was greatly distressed. His host then explained privately that they were going to surround a swamp where thirty runaway slaves were thought to be, to take them dead or alive. He excused himself, saying that he would not shoot at them himself, but if compelled would only fire over their heads; although he said he had narrowly escaped being killed by one of them a few weeks since,—a negro goaded to desperation by a bad master. Well might Stephen Grellet exclaim, "Oh, how many evils slavery entails!" His own opinion, after much observation, was that the one sure remedy for slavery was to bring the slave-owners to Christ. That would indeed have been a better solution than the bloody Civil War of forty years later.

To return to the Mississippi voyage, Stephen Grellet reached New Orleans in the Twelfth Month. The depravity of the people made his heart ache. "It is now winter," he writes, "and yet the weather here is as with us in the spring. The roses and other flowers in their gardens are in full bloom.

Their orange and lemon trees are full of fruit and blossom. They have green peas and other vegetables. O! that the light of Truth might so shine upon them as to induce them to open their hearts to the descending of the heavenly dew, and enable them to bring fourth fruits of righteousness!" Having had a good deal of service, holding meetings, visiting institutions, &c., in New Orleans, he re-embarked for the return voyage up the Mississippi. The steam-boat was a powerful one named the "Indiana," and made rapid progress up stream. Being large it had many passengers, and one hundred and thirty gathered to the meeting Stephen Grellet held on First-day. He also found the people ready to receive and read many Testaments and tracts which he distributed among them. Before long they came up with a steamboat which had been wrecked three days before; it had been run ashore to prevent sinking with all on board. Its passengers now had to come on their boat, and soon the licentiousness, drunkenness and gambling increased. Professional gamblers were found to be on board, men who made it their business to go up and down the river plying their wicked arts. One night there was a crash and a jar that seemed as though it would break the vessel to pieces; one of the large iron shafts had suddenly broken. Fortunately it did no great damage to the boat, and could be replaced; but Stephen Grellet felt that they had had a narrow escape, and a warning to evil doers. Two days later a very powerful boat had just overtaken them when her machinery so com-

pletely broke down that months would be needed to repair it. Many of her passengers also were now added to their already overcrowded steamer, and with them came further increase of dissipation. Even the captain and officers became absorbed in gambling, a practice which no doubt accounted for many wrecks on the river. The overcrowding also brought on sickness in the boat, and one of the passengers died in the night, and his body was hastily buried on shore next morning when the steamer stopped for wood. Yet even this in no way checked the evil-doers. Indeed, as the voyage drew towards an end, they were even more intent on their dissipation and riot. Finally Stephen Grellet says the vessel was a veritable Sodom, and he was only too thankful to escape from it safely at last. His experience gives us a vivid idea of the wild, rough life of the Mississippi in those early days. He says, "I do not know when I have, during the same number of weeks, endured so many sufferings and privations, and been amidst so many perils; but the Lord to this day has helped us, blessed be His name!"

We are now about to approach the last scenes of Stephen Grellet's public or international activity, as seen in his fourth and last journey to Europe. About ten years (1820-1830) elapsed between the third and the fourth journeys. We have just been considering the earlier part of that time; the last few years of the period were embittered by the troubles in our religious Society in this country, which finally led to the separation of 1827-8. Stephen Grellet

was a resolute champion of the orthodox side, and travelled widely in the affected districts, laboring to turn the tide. Pained by the disastrous spirit which was manifested, he may have found relief in the growing sense that he was being called away to Europe once again.

FOURTH EUROPEAN JOURNEY.

In 1830, he writes:—"Amidst my concern and soul's travail for my beloved friends in this land, I have very deeply felt for some of the European Nations, particularly some of those that I have not yet visited, to whom, and especially to Spain, it seems as if I owed a great debt." The next year he sailed from Philadelphia in the fine ship "Algonquin," arriving in England in early summer. Soon he met his dear friend William Allen once more; and their intimacy was renewed in such a way that they again became companions in the ministry for this journey as on the previous one.

One day in a meeting at Saffron Walden, in England, Stephen Grellet's mind was possessed with distress on account of the evils of infidelity, and he began to preach upon that subject. Before long a young man in the meeting, under strong conviction for sin, cried out aloud in the midst of the congregation and began to weep in great distress of mind. Stephen Grellet was obliged to stop speaking for a while, and then addressed the young man in order to quiet him, bidding him to look to Christ as his Saviour. The preacher then continued his sermon to

the end. After meeting he learned that the young man was a notorious infidel, upon whom others had been able to make no impression. The clergyman of the place acknowledged that it must have been the Spirit of God who had done this. Stephen Grellet's experience of infidelity in America thus served him in meeting it abroad.

Soon after this an accident befell him which bid fair to cut short his whole mission. On his way to Sheffield one day his horse took fright, and in some way knocked him down, trampled him, and also ran over him with the wheels of the carriage. He was left lying in the road, unable to move, and the bystanders supposed that he was killed. But he lay there conscious, feeling as he says the strokes of the horse's hoofs and the wheels passing over him, and aware that he might die from the injuries; yet his mind was "stayed on the Lord,"—"wrapped up in a grateful sense of the love of God," as he describes it. And soon the words once more seemed to sound in his mind, "Thou shalt not die, but live;" and the land of Spain was again presented to his thought, with the conviction that the Lord still had service for him there. For two weeks he suffered greatly; but a woman Friend who cared for him wrote: "Whatever he suffers, we never hear him complain; for he always makes the best of everything. I never saw the Christian character so strikingly and so beautifully unfolded and exemplified." Though able before long to go to a few meetings, he did not seem himself again for over three months; and once had a

relapse which would have made him fear for his life had he not had such strong convictions that the Lord meant him finally to visit Spain.

Crossing over from England to Holland, the Friends travelled eastward through Germany, holding many meetings, becoming acquainted with pious persons and having interviews with several royal personages, as on previous journeys. We need only mention their meeting with the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. The town of Weimar was the literary centre of Germany. In that place there had lived during the years just preceding, Schiller, Goethe, and others of the foremost poets of the day. Indeed Goethe, the greatest poet of Germany, and one of the greatest of the world, had died at his home in Weimar less than six months before Stephen Grellet arrived there. The previous grand duchess had been the great patroness of literature and friend of the poets, and her court was the brilliant centre of one of the most remarkable of literary periods. As a recent author writes, speaking of "those golden Weimar days," "No people has ever produced within so limited a range of time such an astounding array of men devoted wholly to the highest tasks and the broadest problems of humanity." Of all this there is little indication in Stephen Grellet's account of his visit. He says for years he had felt drawn to the place, though he was oppressed by a sense of the dark and unchristian spirit of the region when he came there. It is pleasant to learn that the duke and duchess were persons of great benevolence and piety, much

opposed to the spirit of things about them. The duchess, having heard of the arrival of the Friends, sent and requested them to visit her; which they did. She was much affected on meeting them, for it reminded her afresh of the loss of near and beloved relatives whom she knew they had been with,—the Empress Dowager of Russia, her mother; the Emperor Alexander, her brother, and the Empress Elizabeth, his wife, and the Queen of Wirtemberg, her sister. On parting she took them affectionately by the hand, and asked them to visit her again. Later came an invitation to take tea at the private palace of Belvidere, two or three miles out of Weimar, the next day. The way to it was through a beautiful park in which deer, pheasants, partridges, hares, &c., abounded, and were very tame. The duchess received them in her drawing room, and her son and four other gentleman (we wonder if they may have been great poets) joined them at tea, after which they had a religious meeting together. The duchess appeared to have learned in the school of affliction some of that knowledge which it is life eternal to possess.

From Weimar the Friends continued eastward till we find them on the borders of Bohemia. "We passed over very high ground (writes Stephen Grellet). The giant mountains were in sight. We were also for some miles among thick forests covered mostly with pines like some of ours in America. The beauty of the landscape in many parts is beyond description. The hills and mountains have fanciful shapes differing from one another; some are sharp-

pointed, others conical; others seem to be covered with ancient ruins. We saw towards the high peak of one of these mountains of very difficult ascent, a monastery of monks of the order of La Trappe,—the most rigid of any. They appear there literally to have the earth under their feet, and even to have their dwelling in, and often above, the clouds.”

The travellers then came down into Prague the capital city of Bohemia, and the scene of the martyrdom of some of the early Protestants, such as John Huss. “We passed through the public square (he continues) where the fagots were formerly kindled and the flames devoured many pious Christians under the hands of the inquisition of Rome. The flat stones, on which the piles were erected and the victims were placed, identify the very spot where such cruelties were perpetrated under the mask of religion; but I was not less deeply grieved at beholding the stately buildings around the square with the many large windows opening upon it, which used to be crowded with spectators to see the savage proceedings; some of these windows still show the conspicuous seats occupied by their great men, both of the clergy and civil officers, during those exhibitions of cruelty.”

They next went to the great and beautiful city of Vienna, and there met a nobleman, the Prince Esterhazy, who had for many years been Austrian Ambassador in London, and with whom William Allen was acquainted. Besides owning large estates in Austria, this prince also had extensive ones in Hungary.

on which it was thought he had 80,000 or 90,000 persons,—many of them catholics; others Tartars and similar nomad tribes. Among these he had a great desire to spread good education, and a knowledge of true religion, with the Scriptures. He encouraged the Friends to go a little way into Hungary to see them for themselves. The prince said that the land for forty miles up the Danube River belonged to him and his father, and he had one estate there on which the towns were settled mostly by protestants. The Friends concluded to visit them, and prepared to start. They asked the prince if they would find places at which to lodge. "Yes," he replied, "there are some places where you may find shelter, and simple but wholesome food." When they arrived at the place, expecting to find a small village and some poor little inn, they were astonished to be taken to the prince's chateau, a spacious palace, and to find his steward waiting for them, with a fine dinner prepared. At first they thought there was some mistake; but the steward showed the directions he had received from the prince to entertain them, and furnish them with horses. No one else was in the chateau, though a regiment of soldiers was on the premises, and the guard mounted. The palace stood in the midst of a fertile plain with high snow-covered mountains near by,—in fact, the Tyrolese Alps, while the Danube flowed between them and the plain. The view was most beautiful; and the air very pure. The Friends soon drove forth from their wonderful hostelry to visit among the villages of the peasantry;

they found some fine people among them, and a good religious condition. They then returned to the palace for a short stay. This was the most easterly point they reached on this last journey.

Now their feet were turned toward Spain, not that they had no interesting experiences before they reached there, but we will not stop for these, whether it be the Moravians, whom they visited in their remarkable settlement of Herrnhut, or the yet more famous Waldensians among the Italian Alps. Of the latter Stephen Grellet writes,—“The remembrance of the thousands that have been slain on these mountains and in these valleys for their love to Jesus, and their faithfulness to his testimony, has been feelingly and solemnly before me. I beheld how many of these have joined the innumerable company who have come out of many tribulations, and stand now clothed in white before the throne of God and of the Lamb.” Our young readers may read elsewhere* of these, and learn of their great importance in religious history.

When passing through Wirtemberg Stephen Grellet wrote:—“Spain in particular is night and day on my mind, and as the time when I may have to enter that nation is drawing near, the difficulties of proceeding there are greatly multiplying. That kingdom is now represented to be in a state of great confusion; it is said that there is great effusion of blood, and the prisons are crowded with victims;

* See Milton's Sonnet “*On the Late Massacre in Piedmont*,” also Edward Everett Hale's “*In His Name*.”

from place to place those who hear that I have it in prospect to go there represent to me the impracticability of doing so. . . . Notwithstanding all these discouragements and difficulties, the Lord's call to me to go to Spain is louder and louder, and the time to endeavor to enter that kingdom appears with clearness to be the fore part of next year. Oh, Lord, all things to Thee are possible. Thou canst make a way for Thy poor servant where none now appeareth."

Three months later, when in the south of France, he again speaks of Spain :—

"The time to enter that nation appears now to have arrived ; yet I am told from place to place that there is no possibility for me to obtain admittance there, or to escape with my life if I do ; the effusion of blood among them appears to be great, and acts of much cruelty are said to be perpetrated ; but my religious concern to go there remains. Direct my steps, Oh Lord." His prayer that a way might be made for him was remarkably answered.

One impressive incident occurred at this point. Stephen Grellet was holding a public meeting in the south of France on the day called Christmas. He was preaching of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." "Whilst I was proceeding (he records) my own heart being much affected with the awfulness of it, I stated how solemn it was thus to join in company with those who are met together to worship God . . . but that possibly whilst some keep this day as a memorial of the coming, in the

flesh, of the eternal Son of God, they have made preparations to spend this very evening and night perhaps in a riotous and sinful manner. As I was uttering this, a man fell down from his seat on the floor; there was some bustle for a short time; they carried him out, and I continued to speak, a considerable increase of solemnity appearing over the meeting. After the conclusion I heard the people say to one another, 'He is dead, he is dead.' I was then told that this very man had made extensive preparations for a sumptuous banquet this night, when a variety of diversions were to be introduced; that on coming he had boasted how he would honor the Lord and sanctify this day by going to a place of worship first, and then close it in feasting and revelling. Some persons hearing him speak so had reproved him for it, which he answered with impious expressions. The people appeared struck with astonishment at the awfulness of the event."

It was at this time also that Stephen Grellet saw his beloved aged mother for the last time. On meeting her again he observes, "Her heart seems to be full of love to the dear Saviour. She appears weaned from dependence on the priests or outward observances. Her heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord alone. It is rare to meet with anyone at her advanced age who retains such bright mental faculties. She can relate occurrences of very ancient date told by her grandparents. Her grandfather was ninety-six years old when he died." We learn later that she died at ninety-four, being ninety at the time now mentioned.

Then came the last parting : " I took a solemn farewell last evening of my much beloved and honored mother, also of my dear sister Le Clerc and numerous family ; we were all prostrated together before the Lord in our spirits, when on bended knees my soul was poured forth in fervent supplication for them. I parted from my mother and she from me, as never expecting to see one another again on this side of eternity, but in the hope that in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus we may be joined together again in the world of spirits and the realms of everlasting blessedness."

The turmoil before spoken of in Spain was caused by a powerful pretender, who was trying to get possession of the throne. The rightful king had been seized by mortal illness, and the pretender took advantage of this to force his claims. But now came a sudden and wonderful turn of events, which opened wide the way for Stephen Grellet to enter Spain in safety. The king " had been announced as already dead, and his body had been exposed in one of the halls of the palace," when suddenly he came back to life, as it were, and recovered. This changed the whole situation, and peace and order were in great measure restored. Stephen Grellet was now free to go forward at once.

The Friends had a rough trip crossing the lofty Pyrenees. So steep were the roads that sometimes they had ten mules to their carriage, and repeatedly two yoke of oxen besides. Those mountains are famous for their robbers or banditti, who are regu-

larly organized in bands under chieftains, and often go as fellow-passengers with travellers so as to see what they have; then at the stopping places they tell their confederates, who can thus make plans to overpower their victims. But Stephen Grellet and his companion were favored to escape such violence, and after four days travel through Spain reached Madrid, the capital city, in safety.

Their introduction here was remarkable. Through the British Ambassador they first received an invitation from the minister of the interior of Spain, the Count d'Ofalia, to call on him. They found he had once been ambassador to the United States, and knew a good deal of the principles of Friends; he therefore received them with much courtesy, and asked how he could serve them, to which they replied with their usual request to visit prisons, hospitals, &c. He said he would endeavor to have permits ready for them if they would call again next day. On their second visit they had a very free conversation with the count on the low state of religion in Spain and how to remedy this. He then told them that he had spoken to the king about them and their wishes, and the king had directed that an order for their admittance to all institutions they might wish to inspect should be made out in his own name; and requested them to furnish him with any remarks they might make on those visits. Thus in an incredibly short time, they had gained entrance to the inmost life of the ancient and proud kingdom of Spain, where a short time before, many

had predicted that they could not even set foot upon her soil with safety to their lives. So effectively did Providence work for them in their service for the Master.

The visiting of prisons began at once. Coming to "the great prison" they found that on account of the dangerous political conditions, the king's permit was very necessary in order to visit the more distinguished prisoners. After seeing many "desperately wicked" characters, he writes, "We next went among the prisoners of state, some of whom are guilty of many crimes, and have sent to the scaffold virtuous and valuable characters; but instead of being treated as they treated others when they had the power in their hands, they are kindly used; some are even allowed to have their families with them. They are mostly of the nobility; we saw some generals, counts, dukes, late ministers of state, &c. Some of these, however, though treated with kindness, are closely kept in their separate apartments, 'all secret' as it is called, having no communication whatever with anybody, not even by writing; but we were admitted among them. Some appeared to be much dejected; and well they may, if they are duly sensible of the blood-guiltiness that lies upon them. Way was open to direct some of them to Christ and His Spirit, the faithful witness."

A week later, the king having received some of their reports, arranged through the Count d'Ofalia for them to have an interview with him. The Duke of Aragon, captain of the king's guards, was to in-

introduce them. Coming to the palace, the duke received them with much civility, and leading them up the great staircase brought them first into the apartment of the king's officers and guards, and then through the apartment of his immediate attendants in waiting; whence the chamberlain led them into what appeared to be the court room or apartment of state. At first they saw no one. But very soon a plainly dressed man and a lady came towards them holding a little girl by the hands between them. The Friends did not think these were the king and queen, till Stephen Grellet, who noticed the lady's resemblance to pictures he had seen, inquired, "Is it the queen before whom we stand?" "Yes," she replied, "and this is the king, and here is our young princess, our eldest, two and a half years old." The Friends explained their embarrassment, saying they did not expect the king was well enough to be out of his chamber and feared that standing would be too much exertion for him. They had lately learned of the remarkable manner in which his life was preserved in the last few months; how owing to his illness he had entered into a stupor resembling death, and the party which was in power urged the physician to have the post mortem examination made, which would of course have ended the king's life, although the physician protested that he was not dead; but how at that very moment the queen's party obtained the ascendancy, and the king's life was saved. As they conversed together, Stephen Grellet noticed the little princess gazing very in-



STEPHEN GRELLET'S HOME.
(Burlington, N. J.)

STEPHEN GRELLET.

tently at them, which the queen also observed; so he remarked that it was probably the first time she had ever seen anyone stand before the king and queen without removing their hats. This led to an explanation of religious principles, and soon Stephen Grellet, uncovering his head, began to "proclaim" what he felt to be a message from God to this king. He expressed sympathy for him in the many afflictions and humiliations he had endured, as when he had been driven from his kingdom by Napoleon, but was now restored; and alluded to the similar situation of king Nebuchadnezzar. As he went on, the king asked, "Who is this king Nebuchadnezzar?"—upon which the queen quickly explained in what part of the Bible he would find it. Stephen Grellet pled with him to beautify the closing years of his reign with mercy to the poor and with acts of clemency and piety towards all, above all with the noble gift of liberty of conscience to his subjects, that so he might in the end exchange his earthly crown for a heavenly one. With sober but kindly feelings the interview then ended.

The king had ordered that letters be prepared for them to the governors of the provinces giving free access everywhere; and these letters, signed by the king himself, were afterwards handed to them. They accordingly set forth from the capital to visit other places. "As we passed through the towns, we were much surprised to see the streets full of people looking at us. At the public houses also, where we stopped to take refreshment, many of the better sort

of inhabitants came into the room we were in and manifested a desire to obtain information respecting our Christian principles. We could not understand the meaning of all this ; we had never observed such curiosity anywhere else. A Frenchman who was a fellow traveller came in a very civil manner and requested more information as to our principles ; he said that on the road he had endeavored to give to the multitudes thronging about us the little information he had, and many now come to him with inquiries that he is not able to answer. We asked him how the people knew anything about us. 'Have you not read the newspapers?' he replied, and handed us one, with a copy of the order sent by the king to the governors of the provinces. It states that we are members of the religious Society of Friends, known by the name of Quakers ; that it is part of our religious scruples to enter all places and appear before everybody without uncovering the head ; that accordingly we had been before the king and queen and their young princess with our hats on. Orders are therefore given that no molestation be offered us either on this or any other account whatever. . . . We are thereby rendered very public characters. It places us in some respects in a trying situation ; but in others, the Lord's hand may be seen in it, for it furthers the object for which we have come to Spain."

It is evident that Stephen Grellet had been led to Spain at a favorable time ; the strongholds of superstition, corruption, and persecution were beginning

to be shaken, and with the coming of the Liberal party into power, more enlightened and generous ideas seemed to prevail. They met one aged man who some time previously, when oppression reigned, had boldly written to the Pope, the Archbishop of Toledo, and the King, telling the latter how many of his best subjects were undergoing cruel sufferings, others put to death, and multitudes shut up in loathsome prisons, all in the king's name. Upon which the wicked and cruel man who was then prime minister sent orders to have him arrested and immediately sentenced to death; but the judge, who was his intimate friend, found a way to save his life; he pronounced him a madman of the worst sort, and had him confined among the insane, but there treated him kindly. After six months, he was released by a change in government, and the wicked prime minister himself imprisoned. Stephen Grellet found that this aged man held views of spiritual things very much like Friends, and knew a number of persons scattered in Spain who were convinced of the same truths; they had mostly retired to lonely places owing to the great persecution, when many had perished, some dying under the torments inflicted. The poor old man felt lonely, and without fellowship, such gross darkness prevailed among priests and people. As the Friends encouraged him to worship in spirit and truth with however few companions, the dear old man, with brightening face and glistening eyes, replied, "O, yes, it is a blessed privilege for the two or three, or even the poor solitary one, to wait upon

the Lord, and to obtain access to His Divine presence." He said he had been graciously permitted to realize this when shut up in his dark cell and treated as a madman. He departed apparently comforted by his visit.

Another little incident showed the state of things in Spain. The Friends had presented a Bible to a gentleman they met; later he told them that one day he came upon one of his Spanish servants reading that Bible. The servant was greatly affected, and said, "Our priests never let us know the contents of this good book; and no wonder, for it proclaims all their doings in their churches to be nothing but idolatry. I would give all I possess in the world to obtain such a treasure as this Bible." The Friends presented him with one. In one of the prisons they had seen a friar who had preached to the people to rise and massacre all those who were opposed to their licentiousness.

All this forms a dark picture. But one scene more should be given. We spoke of the cell for the insane where the old man had been confined. Stephen Grellet had an opportunity to see what these were like for himself. "We went to the retreat for insane persons;" he writes;—"it is the worst place I have beheld anywhere; our feelings were overpowered; we should have totally flinched from proceeding in a visit so repugnant, was it not for the hope that the representation to the king of what we have beheld may lead to an entire change in the treatment of this deeply-afflicted portion of our fellow-men.

Many of them are loaded with chains and shut up in cells which are in a most filthy state; their food is thrown to them as to wild beasts. Others are placed on platforms rising about three feet from the ground; strong iron railings are in front of the whole, and by iron rails also they are separated one from another; each individual is shut in a cage; their food is thrown in to them as to dogs. The floor of these cages is paved with marble, slanting down from the back to the front; and to cleanse the filth that would otherwise accumulate, they throw in daily a few buckets of water, which renders many of these poor creatures frantic."

What an opportunity this was in that dark land to sow some of the seeds of Christian kindness, which in other happier days and lands have grown to the great systems of philanthropy which we know! As it was, Stephen Grellet was almost prostrated by his exertions in these places,—the incessant crowds following them because of the king's public notice, the continual seekers after light interviewing them, the scenes of misery and infection they beheld. He was attacked with a severe fever a few days later, and for a time it looked as though he would fare badly; but as they journeyed slowly up the Mediterranean coast towards France, his strength began by degrees to triumph over the disease, and he recovered. Soon they beheld before them the lofty mountains of the frontier. "We began to ascend the Pyrenees (he says) through narrow defiles, amidst high and rough mountains; the grandeur of the scenery before us

proclaimed the great and powerful name of the Lord, before whom our souls were prostrated in admiration and praise. From the contemplation of His outward works our minds were drawn to that of the greatness of His love and mercy to us ; great indeed is the help and manifold the preservations that He has extended to us His poor servants ; we felt our minds clothed with gratitude and wonder on reviewing what He has done for us since we entered Spain. He has opened for us a highway and plain beaten path where before not a stepping-stone could be seen. Who but the Lord Omnipotent, who has the key of all hearts, could thus open the king's heart to us, and render him the instrument of making our way ? Blessed and exalted be His name for ever and ever ! ”

So he might have written of all his wondrous journeyings, which now were drawing to a close. It took but a short time for the travellers to cross France, and not long also for Stephen Grellet to complete what service remained for him in the British Isles, before setting sail for home. At the last meeting for worship during London Yearly Meeting Stephen Grellet preached, as it were, his farewell sermon to the Old World ; William Allen wrote of it that “ his communication was very remarkable, rising brighter and brighter toward the close. Elizabeth Fry followed in supplication, and there was a very solemn feeling over the meeting.” Then William Allen and Stephen Grellet, the comrades of many hardships in the service of the cross, parted from each other never again to meet in this world.

Stephen Grellet arrived in Philadelphia in the summer of 1834, when he was sixty years of age. This last European journey had been the longest of any; he estimates that in the course of it he had travelled 28,000 miles.

CLOSING YEARS.

We have reached the last years of this wonderful life. They were long and tranquil, in many ways, compared to the years we have passed over. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-two,—twenty-two years longer, but this period was uneventful. He dwelt in a comfortable house still to be seen in a shady street of the dignified old town of Burlington, New Jersey. He often visited other Yearly Meetings, and preached among some of the meetings composing them. He corresponded with his many friends in Europe, especially William Allen, and enjoyed the visits of English ministers of whom he especially mentions Daniel Wheeler, and Joseph John Gurney. But when sixty-eight years old he was attacked with an alarming illness of several months' duration, attended with great suffering, so that repeatedly he was thought to be near his end; and from that time onward to the close of his life he was subject to recurring attacks of severe pain. He heard with grief of the death, first of his beloved friend William Allen, and then of Joseph John Gurney; and his mind was turned more and more towards heaven. When seventy-three years of age an attack of his ailment disabled him, so that

he never again was absent from home over night. "There was at this time something peculiarly bright and searching in Stephen Grellet's gospel ministry in his own meeting," writes his first biographer. "The characteristics which had marked his earlier days and largely attended his gospel labors among all ranks and conditions among many nations, shone with undiminished brightness in the evening of life when entirely confined to the precincts of home. The warmth and ardor of his affections, his truly Christian cheerfulness, blended with a quiet, unaffected, unassuming dignity of manner, at once humble and self-possessed, gave the impression of no ordinary person. A true Frenchman in politeness, he was quite a model of the courteous and affable, without the fawning flattery of the world. Christian simplicity, sincerity and truthfulness marked his words and actions; his look was love, his salutation peace." It is recorded that he was of about medium height, erect, and rather slender.

A minister of another denomination, living in Burlington, left this beautiful appreciation of him:—"As a citizen he has been long known to the people of Burlington, and we may safely quote the Apostle's appeal, 'Ye are witnesses how holily and justly and unblamably he behaved himself among you.' A heart of larger sympathy we have never known, or one more ready to comprehend and to minister to afflictions which were carefully concealed. His gospel preaching was of a character rarely equalled, and probably nowhere surpassed. Its chief charac-

teristic was its wonderful vitality. Perfectly free from every trace of egotism, he preached 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' The sufferings of his Lord for the sake of sinful man deeply and abidingly affected his soul. His sermons manifested an extraordinary originality, scope of thought, and spiritual wealth. With demonstration of the Spirit and with power he illustrated his subjects with passages brought from various parts of the sacred volume, which the hearer found presented in a light in which he never saw them before. Holding all mankind as his brethren, his public ministry and prayers evinced his large-minded sympathy with the whole human race, and his deep interest in the movements among the nations. To him it was a present sorrow if famine stalked through foreign lands,—if pestilence wasted distant cities,—if in any part of the earth the sword devoured men for whom Christ died. There was an unmistakable halo of good to be felt about him, by which even the irreligious were impressed."

But the time of his departure was at hand. In one of the last meetings he attended he spoke very strikingly on the words of Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." About a week before his death he attended the Monthly Meeting, and in speaking said it might probably be the last time he would sit with them. And this proved to be the case. A paroxysm of pain compelled him to leave the meeting before it was over, the only time in his life that such a thing had happened.

He lingered on, suffering extreme physical anguish; but as he expressed it, the Lord's mercy and upholding hand were reached forth to him "even so as to render the voice of thanksgiving louder than that which excruciating sufferings in the flesh could not repress." He was of a rather hardy physique, and belonged to a family notable for its longevity; but the great labors of his life, and these long years of suffering brought the end at an age twelve years younger than his mother.

For two days near the end "he suffered almost constant agony, but each groan was turned into a prayer ending with, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' Towards evening on one of those days, he submissively petitioned for a little relief from suffering, if consistent with his Heavenly Father's will. Very soon the pain finally ceased, and while he took no notice of external things, the reverence of his countenance indicated a peaceful communion with his God and Saviour." He slept sweetly during much of the following day, and a little before noon on the sixteenth of Eleventh Month 1855, with his family around him, the beloved and honored servant of the Lord gently breathed his last. "Servant of God well done! Well hast thou fought!"

